KING JOHN

EDITED BY W. J. ROLFE

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SHAKESPEARE'S

HISTORY OF

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

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KING JOHN.

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PREFATORY NOTE

THIS play, which I first edited in 1880, is now presented in a thoroughly revised form on the same general plan as its predecessors in the new series.

The references to "Fleay" in the Notes are to Mr. F. G. Fleay's edition of the play (London, 1878). Those to the "standard" editions of Shakespeare (Theobald, Pope, Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Knight, Halliwell-Phillipps, Grant White, and others) need no explanation; and the same may be said of those to any of the books mentioned on pages 136–138.

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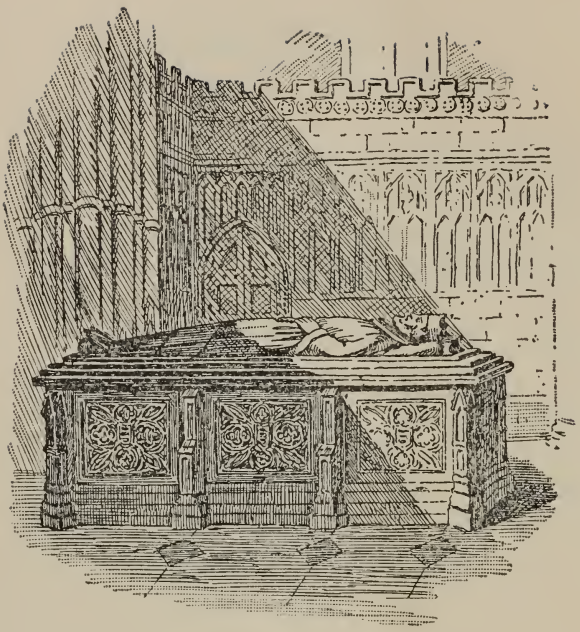


TOMB OF KING JOHN

DEATH OF KING JOHN

INTRODUCTION TO THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

King John was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it is entitled "The life and death of King Iohn." It is the only one of the undoubted works of Shakespeare which is not entered in the Registers of the Stationers' Company. Internal evidence shows pretty clearly that it was written at about the same time as *Richard II;* and it is probable that it followed rather than preceded that play. We cannot be far wrong if, with Furnivall, we assign it to the year 1595. Dowden also says:

"The chief point of difference with respect to form is that *Richard II* contains a much larger proportion of rhymed verse, and on the whole we shall not perhaps err in regarding *Richard II* as the earlier of the two." As it is included in Meres's list in his *Palladis Tamia*, it must have been put upon the stage before the publication of that book in September, 1598.

The Sources of the Plot

King John varies from the facts of history more than any other play of the English Series, being founded upon an earlier play published in 1591 with the following title-page: —

The | Troublesome Raigne | of *Iohn* King of *England*, with the dis-|*couerie of King* Richard Cordelions| Base sonne (vulgarly named, The Ba-|stard Fawconbridge): *also the* | death of King *Iohn* at *Swinstead*| *Abbey.* | *As it was* (*sundry times*) *publikely acted by the*| *Queenes Maiesties Players, in the ho-*|*nourable Citie of*| London. Imprinted at London for *Sampson Clarke*,| *and are to be solde at his shop, on the backe-*|side of the *Royall Exchange.* | 1591.

In the year 1611 this play was reprinted with "Written by W. Sh." added to the title-page; and in a third edition, brought out in 1622, it was ascribed to "W. Shakespeare." This was doubtless a mere trick of the publishers to help the sale of the book, as the style proves conclusively that Shakespeare had no part in its authorship.

General Comments on the Play

While the dramatist follows the old play in the outlines of his plot, and occasionally borrows its language, his real indebtedness to it is comparatively slight. The main incidents are the same, but the characters are almost re-created. "Artistically considered, Shakespeare took in the outward design of the piece, blended both parts into one, adhered to the leading features of the characters, and finished them with finer touches."

Furnivall remarks: "Shakspere alters the old play . . . in order to bring it closer home to his hearers and the circumstances of the time, — the disputed succession of Elizabeth, and the interference of Spain and the Pope. The old play-writer made the murder of Arthur the turning-point between the high-spirited success of John at first and his dejection and disgrace at last; and he, too, fixed on the assertion of national independence against invading Frenchmen and encroaching ecclesiastics as the true principle of dramatic action of John's time. So long as John is the impersonator of England, of defiance to the foreigner, and opposition to the Pope, so long is he a hero. . . . His death ought, of course, dramatically to have followed from some act of his in the play, as revenge for the murder of Arthur, or his plundering the abbots or abbeys, or opposing the Pope. The author of *The Troublesome Raigne*, with a true instinct, made a monk murder John out of revenge for his anti-papal patriot-

ism. But Shakspere, unfortunately, set this story aside, though there was some warrant for it in Holinshed, and thus left a serious blot on his drama which it is impossible to remove. The character which to me stands foremost in *John* is Constance, with that most touching expression of grief for the son she had lost. Beside her cry, the tender pleading of Arthur for his life is heard, and both are backed by the rough voice of Faulconbridge, who, Englishman-like, depreciates his own motives at first, but is lifted by patriotism into a gallant soldier, while his deep moral nature shows itself in his heartfelt indignation at Arthur's supposed murder. The rhetoric of the earlier historical plays is kept up in *John*, and also Shakspere's power of creating situations, which he had possessed from the first."

Gervinus, after remarking that "Shakespeare entirely followed this older work in the historical matter," goes on to say: "Artistically considered, he took in the outward design of the piece, blended both parts into one, adhered to the leading features of the characters, and finished them with finer touches. . . . The older *King John* is a rough but not a bad piece, from which the poet could have borrowed many happy poetical and historical features. It possesses the old stiffness, and is intermingled with Latin passages according to the earlier custom, yet it is freer from the extravagances of the old school, from which these historical subjects in a great measure rescued us. The diffuseness in the second part is heavy, and here Shakespeare with excel-

lent tact has remedied the evil by abridgment. The characters are designed in a manner suitable for our poet's use, but they are far less sustained than his. For the mere sake of speaking, speeches are put into the mouth of Faulconbridge which are inconsistent with his nature. Arthur, who once speaks in the childish tone of his age, loses it again, and in the pathetic scene with Hubert is a precocious disputant. How far Shakespeare excelled his best contemporary poets in fine feeling is evinced by his revised work as compared with this older play. Shakespeare delineates his Faulconbridge (and himself in him) rigidly and bitterly enough as a good Protestant in the base treatment of Popish arrogance. In suitable passages he gives full vent to the indignation of the English at Popish rule and intrigue, encroachment and oppression, which at that time was readily listened to in London. But he did not go so far as to make a farce of Faulconbridge's extortions from the clergy; . . . to our poet's impartial mind the dignity of the clergy, nay, even the contemplativeness of cloister-life, was a matter too sacred for him to introduce it in a ridiculous form into the seriousness of history. There are many similar crudenesses in the old piece, which Shakespeare has likewise effaced. At the marriage treaty between Lewis and Blanche, the poor Constance is present; at the indelicate discussion (i. 1) between the brothers Faulconbridge, their mother is introduced; the illegitimate son subsequently threatens his own mother with death if she does not confess the

truth to him: this lack of tenderness does not occur in Shakespeare. In another respect also the accurate comparison of the two works is of the greatest interest, if we would watch Shakespeare's depth in the treatment of his poetry, as it were, in the work and in the creation itself. In many passages of the old play, where motives, delineation of character and actions, lay before him in ample prolixity, he has gathered the contents of whole scenes compactly into a single sentence or a single insinuation; he disdains superabundant perspicuity, and leaves to the actor, the spectator, and the reader something for his own mind to find out and to add."

Mr. Richard Simpson (*New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1874) remarks that Shakespeare alters the old play in "eight chief political points," which he states thus: —

"1. In Shakspere, John is told by his own mother that he must rely on his 'strong possession,' not on his right; and the suggestion of the old play that Arthur, being 'but young and yet unmeet to reign,' was therefore to be passed over, is thrown out.

"2. Elinor tells Constance that she can 'produce a will that bars the title' of Arthur.

"3. History is altered to heighten and refine the characters of Arthur and Constance.

"4. John's loss of his French possessions is accentuated by the exaggeration of the dowry given to Blanch.

"5. The scenes where John first persuades Hubert to murder Arthur, and then reproaches him for it, are inventions of Shakspere.

"6. The compression of John's four wars into two, though absolutely necessary for dramatic arrangement, is so managed as to have an Elizabethan bearing. Of these two wars the poet makes the first to concern Arthur's title, without any religious or ecclesiastical motive. The second he makes to be in revenge for Arthur's death, with an ecclesiastical motive added in John's excommunication. This is wholly unhistorical. No English lord interfered in behalf of Arthur, whose death raised no commotion in England, and was long past and forgotten before the controversy with the pope about Langton began. The confederacy between the barons and Lewis was ten years after Arthur's death, with which it had nothing to do. . . .

"7. Pandulph insinuates to Lewis that it is his interest to abstain from interference till John's murder of his nephew should make interference profitable to himself.

"8. Melun's confession of Lewis's intended treachery to the barons is the occasion of their return to allegiance.

"Every one of these points, in which the poet deviates from the Chronicles, is so turned as to contain indirect references and allusions to contemporary politics, or to events which had a decisive influence on them."

Verplanck, in his comments on the closing scene of the play, observes: "The tragic poet has here brought the death of John into immediate contact with his most atrocious crime, as the natural sequence and just retribution of his guilt towards young Arthur. The matter-of-fact commentators complain, with Mr. Courtenay (*Commentaries on Shakespeare's Historical Plays*), that here is a long interval leaped over at once in which 'foreign and cruel wars had raged with varied success, and *one* event had happened of which, although it is that by which we now chiefly remember King John, no notice is taken whatever. This is no other than the signature of *Magna Charta*.' The plain answer to this is, that the poet's design was not to turn the chronicle of John's reign into dramatic dialogue, but to produce from the materials an historical tragedy; for which purpose Constance, Arthur, and the half-fictitious Faulconbridge afforded more suitable materials for his imagination than *Magna Charta*, and the political rights of Englishmen acquired under it. By the selection he made he was naturally led to the exhibition of female character as intense, as passionate, and as overflowing with feeling, and with the most eloquent expression, as his own Juliet, but with the same all-absorbing affection transferred from the lover to an only child. On the other hand, had he chosen the great political question for the turning-point of interest in his drama — and if touched on at all it must have been made the main and central point of the action — it would have

required all the poet's skill to have avoided the too literal but unpoetical truth which Canning has so drolly ridiculed in his mock-German play, when one of the exiled Barons informs the other that —

> 'The charter of our liberties receiv'd
> The royal signature at five o'clock,
> When messengers were instantly dispatch'd
> To cardinal Pandulph; and their Majesties,
> After partaking of a cold collation,
> Return'd to Windsor.'

"Mr. Knight's remarks on this point are exceedingly just and eloquent: 'The interval of fourteen years between the death of Arthur and the death of John is annihilated. Causes and consequences, separated in the proper history by long digressions and tedious episodes, are brought together. The attributed murder of Arthur lost John all the inheritances of the house of Anjou, and allowed the house of Capet to triumph in his overthrow. Out of this grew a larger ambition, and England was invaded. The death of Arthur, and the events which marked the last days of John, were separated in their cause and effect by time only, over which the poet leaps. It is said that a man who was on the point of drowning saw, in an instant, all the events of his life in connection with his approaching end. So sees the poet. It is his to bring the beginnings and the ends of events into that real union and dependence, which even the philosophical historian may overlook, in tracing their course. It is the poet's office to pre-

serve a unity of action; it is the historian's to show a consistency of progress. In the chroniclers we have manifold changes of fortune in the life of John, after Arthur of Brittany has fallen. In Shakespeare, Arthur of Brittany is at once revenged. The heart-broken mother and her boy are not the only sufferers from double courses. The spirit of Constance is appeased by the fall of John. The Niobe of a Gothic age, who vainly sought to shield her child from as stern a destiny as that with which Apollo and Artemis pursued the daughter of Tantalus, may rest in peace!' "

KING JOHN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, son to the king.
ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king.
The Earl of PEMBROKE.
The Earl of ESSEX.
The Earl of SALISBURY.
The Lord BIGOT.
HUBERT DE BURGH.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.
PHILIP the BASTARD, his half-brother.
JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
LYMOGES, Duke of Austria.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.
MELUN, a French Lord.
CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.

QUEEN ELINOR, mother to King John.
CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.
BLANCH of Spain, niece to King John.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly in England and partly in France.*

ROOM OF STATE IN THE PALACE

ACT I

SCENE I. *King John's Palace*

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and others, with* CHATILLON

King John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us ?

Chatillon. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France
In my behaviour to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty, of England here.

Elinor. A strange beginning ! — borrow'd majesty !

King John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chatillon. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

King John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chatillon. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

King John. Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment; so answer France.

Chatillon. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

King John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have;
Pembroke, look to 't. — Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*

Elinor. What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

King John. Our strong possession and our right for us!

Elinor. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me;
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judg'd by you
That e'er I heard; shall I produce the men?

King John. Let them approach. —
Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge. —

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip *his bastard brother*

What men are you?

Bastard. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge, —

A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.
King John. What art thou?
Robert. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.
King John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.
Bastard. Most certain of one mother, mighty king —
That is well known — and, as I think, one father;
But for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother.
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Elinor. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Bastard. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it.
That is my brother's plea and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.
Heaven guard my mother's honour — and my land!
King John. A good blunt fellow. — Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Bastard. I know not why, except to get the land,
But once he slander'd me with bastardy.
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my liege, —
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me! —

Compare our faces and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both
And were our father, and this son like him, —
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

King John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Elinor. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

King John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard. — Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bastard. Because he hath a half-face, like my father,
With that half-face would he have all my land;
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!

Robert. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much, —

Bastard. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Robert. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's,
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,

As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mother's son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

King John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate.
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And if she did play false the fault was hers,
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf bred from his cow from all the world,
In sooth he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him, nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes:
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Robert. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bastard. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Elinor. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulcon-
bridge

And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?
Bastard. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert's his, like him,
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
Lest men should say 'Look, where three-farthings goes!'
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face!
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.
Elinor. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.
Bastard. Brother, take you my land, I 'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 't is dear. —
Madam, I 'll follow you unto the death.
Elinor. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Bastard. Our country manners give our betters way.
King John. What is thy name?
Bastard. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

King John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st;
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great,
Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.
Bastard. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land. —
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!
Elinor. The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.
Bastard. Madam, by chance but not by truth; what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch;
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch.
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
King John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire. —
Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more than need.
Bastard. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty. —
[*Exeunt all but Bastard.*
A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worse!

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
'Good den, Sir Richard!'—'God-a-mercy, fellow!'—
And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter,
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'T is too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. Now your traveller,—
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why, then I suck my teeth and catechise
My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'—
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,—
'I shall beseech you'—that is question now,
And then comes answer like an Absey book:
'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir.'—
'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours;'—
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society
And fits the mounting spirit like myself,
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation.
And so am I, whether I smack or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth,
Which, though I will not practice to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn,
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising. —
But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge *and* James Gurney

O me! it is my mother. — How now, good lady!
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady Faulconbridge. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bastard. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady Faulconbridge. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son; why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

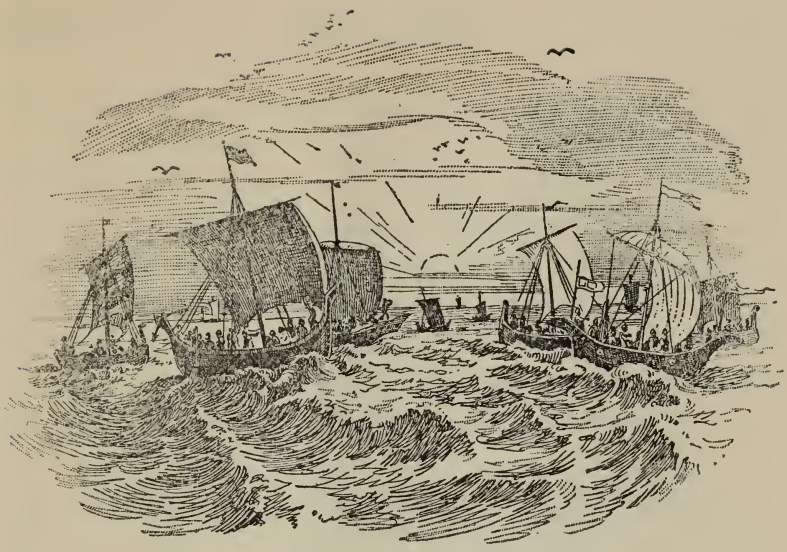
Bastard. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gurney. Good leave, good Philip.

Bastard. Philip! sparrow! James,
There 's toys abroad; anon I 'll tell thee more. —
[*Exit Gurney.*
Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast.
Sir Robert could do well; marry, to confess,
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it,
We know his handiwork; therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.
Lady Faulconbridge. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?
Bastard. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.
What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son.
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone.
Then, good my mother, let me know my father. —
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?
Lady Faulconbridge. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?
Bastard. As faithfully as I deny the devil.
Lady Faulconbridge. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd. —
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.
Bastard. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly.
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I 'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin.
Who says it was, he lies; I say 't was not. [*Exeunt.*



English Ships

ACT II

Scene I. *France. Before Angiers*

Enter Austria *and forces, drums, etc., on one side: on the other* King Philip *of France and his power;* Lewis, Arthur, Constance, *and* Attendants.

King Philip. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria. —
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave;
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation

Of thy unnatural uncle, English John.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arthur. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love;
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

King Philip. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Austria. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love,
That to my home I will no more return
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders, —
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes, —
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king; till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home but follow arms.

Constance. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more requital to your love!

Austria. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

King Philip. Well, then, to work. Our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town. —
Call for our chiefest men of discipline
To cull the plots of best advantages.
We 'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Constance. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON

King Philip. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd! —
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chatillon. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife ;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain ;
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd ;
And all the unsettled humours of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom. [*Drum beats.*
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance. They are at hand,
To parley or to fight ; therefore prepare.

King Philip. How much unlook'd for is this expedition !

Austria. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence ;
For courage mounteth with occasion.
Let them be welcome then ; we are prepar'd.

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* BASTARD, LORDS, *and forces*

King John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own ;

If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven.

King Philip. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far
That thou hast underwrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his.
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's. In the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

King John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

King Philip. From that supernal judge that stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

King John. Alack! thou dost usurp authority.

King Philip. Excuse, it is to beat usurping down.

Elinor. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

Constance. Let me make answer, — thy usurping son.

Elinor. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen and check the world!

Constance. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
Than thou and John in manners — being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Elinor. There 's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Constance. There 's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Austria. Peace!

Bastard. Hear the crier.

Austria. What the devil art thou?

Bastard. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,

Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I 'll smoke your skin-coat an I catch you right.
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.
Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!
Bastard. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass; —
But, ass, I 'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.
Austria. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath? —
King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.
King Philip. Women and fools, break off your conference. —
King John, this is the very sum of all:
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?
King John. My life as soon; I do defy thee, France. —
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand,
And out of my dear love I 'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.
Submit thee, boy.
Elinor. Come to thy grandam, child.
Constance. Do, child, go to it grandam, child,
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig;
There 's a good grandam.

Arthur. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.

Elinor. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Constance. Now shame upon you, whether she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice and revenge on you.

Elinor. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Constance. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call me not slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee.
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

King John. Bedlam, have done.

Constance. I have but this to say,—
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her

And with her plague; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her, — a plague upon her!

Elinor. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.

Constance. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will, a canker'd grandam's will!

King Philip. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate.
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions. —
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter certain Citizens *upon the walls*

Citizen. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

King Philip. 'T is France, for England.

King John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects, —

King Philip. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle —

King John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And but for our approach those sleeping stones,
That as a waist doth girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,
Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears,
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

King Philip. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right

Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely this young prince;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up.
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'T is not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Citizen. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.
King John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.
Citizen. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal. Till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.
King John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed, —
Bastard. Bastards, and else.
King John. To verify our title with their lives.
King Philip. As many and as well-born bloods as those —
Bastard. Some bastards, too.
King Philip. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
Citizen. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.
King John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
King Philip. Amen, amen! — Mount, chevaliers! to arms!
Bastard. Saint George, that swing'd the dragon and e'er since

Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door.
Teach us some fence! — [*To Austria*] Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Austria. Peace! no more.

Bastard. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar!

King John. Up higher to the plain, where we 'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Bastard. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

King Philip. It shall be so; — and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right!

[*Exeunt.*

Alarums and excursions; then enter a French Herald, *with trumpets, to the gates*

French Herald. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground.
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,

To enter conquerors and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, *with trumpets*

English Herald. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates and give the victors way.

Citizen. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured.
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power.
Both are alike, and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Re-enter the two KINGS, *with their powers, severally*

King John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

King Philip. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France —
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We 'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bastard. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs,
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings. —
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!
King John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
King Philip. Speak, citizens, for England; who 's your king?
Citizen. The king of England, when we know the king.
King Philip. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
King John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
Citizen. A greater power than we denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,
King'd of our fears until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.
Bastard. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem;
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.

I 'd play incessantly upon these jades
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again,
Turn face to face and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

King John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. — France, shall we knit our powers
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Bastard. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

King Philip. Let it be so. — Say, where will you assault?

King John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Austria. I from the north.

King Philip. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.
Bastard. O prudent discipline! From north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth!
I 'll stir them to it. — Come, away, away!
Citizen. Hear us, great kings; vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd league,
Win you this city without stroke or wound,
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field.
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.
King John. Speak on with favour; we are bent to hear.
Citizen. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England; look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete.
If not complete of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he.
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;

And she a fair divided excellence
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates, for at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but without this match
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bastard. Here 's a stay
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags! Here 's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue.
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France.
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words

Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.
Elinor. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our niece a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper; urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
Citizen. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?
King Philip. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city; what say you?
King John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,'
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen;
For Anjou and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,
Except this city now by us besieg'd,
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

King Philip. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lewis. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye,
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a son and makes your son a shadow.
I do protest I never lov'd myself
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with Blanch.*

Bastard. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy
Himself love's traitor; this is pity now,
That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be
In such a love so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine.
If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sees which moves his liking
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this, — that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.

King John. What say these young ones? — What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

King John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lewis. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

King John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin. —
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

King Philip. It likes us well. — Young princes, close your hands.

Austria. And your lips too; for I am well assur'd
That I did so when I was first assur'd.

King Philip. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd. —
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not, for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lewis. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

King Philip. And, by my faith, this league that we
have made
Will give her sadness very little cure. —
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.
King John. We will heal up all;
For we 'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. — Call the lady Constance
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity. — I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.
[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*
Bastard. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,

Who, having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that,
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity, —
Commodity, the bias of the world,
The world, who of itself is peized well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent; —
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet;
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand
When his fair angels would salute my palm,
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee! [*Exit.*

FALAISE

ACT III

SCENE I. *The French King's Pavilion*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY

Constance. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again,
It cannot be; thou dost but say 't is so.
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word

Is but the vain breath of a common man.
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick and capable of fears,
Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears,
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Salisbury. As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Constance. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men
Which in the very meeting fall and die!
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me? —

Fellow, be gone. I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.
Salisbury. What other harm have I, good lady, done
But spoke the harm that is by others done?
Constance. Which harm within itself so heinous is
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.
Arthur. I do beseech you, madam, be content.
Constance. If thou that bid'st me be content wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great;
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John! —
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone

And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to underbear.

Salisbury. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Constance. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble, for my grief 's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up. Here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*Seats herself on the ground.*

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, *the* BASTARD, AUSTRIA, *and* Attendants

King Philip. 'T is true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival.
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Constance. A wicked day, and not a holy day!

[*Rising.*

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,

That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury;
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd.
But on this day let seamen fear no wrack;
No bargains break that are not this day made;
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

King Philip. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Constance. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league. —
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Austria. Lady Constance, peace!

Constance. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war. —

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil, thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Austria. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bastard. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Austria. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bastard. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

King John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH

King Philip. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pandulph. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn, and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

King John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, — that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
So under Him that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand.
So tell the pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

King Philip. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

King John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself, —
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pandulph. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate;
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Constance. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pandulph. There 's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Constance. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.

Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds the kingdom holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pandulph. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Elinor. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
Constance. Look to that, devil; lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands hell lose a soul.
Austria. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Bastard. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Austria. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because —
Bastard. Your breeches best may carry them.
King John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?
Constance. What should he say but as the cardinal?
Lewis. Bethink you, father, for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend;
Forego the easier.
Blanch. That 's the curse of Rome.
Constance. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Constance. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need.
O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!
King John. The king is mov'd and answers not to this.
Constance. O, be remov'd from him and answer well!
Austria. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Bastard. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.
King Philip. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
Pandulph. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?
King Philip. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows.
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;

And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings;
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends.

Pandulph. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

King Philip. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.
Pandulph. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself;
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done,
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it.
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion,
By which thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath. The truth thou art unsure
To swear swears only not to be forsworn;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore thy later vows against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself,
And better conquest never canst thou make

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions,
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Austria. Rebellion! flat rebellion!

Bastard. Will 't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day? 300
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me! — ay, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth! — even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Constance. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee, 310
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven!

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Constance. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,

His honour. — O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lewis. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pandulph. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

King Philip. Thou shalt not need. — England, I will fall from thee.

Constance. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Elinor. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

King John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bastard. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun 's o'ercast with blood; fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both; each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose,
Assured loss before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

King John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together. — [*Exit Bastard.*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

King Philip. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire;
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

King John. No more than he that threats. — To arms let 's hie! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The Same. Plains near Angiers*

Alarums, excursions. Enter the Bastard, *with* Austria's *head*

Bastard. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky
And pours down mischief. — Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, *and* Hubert

King John. Hubert, keep this boy. — Philip, make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bastard. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not.

But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The Same*

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, *the* Bastard, Hubert, *and* Lords

King John. [*To Elinor*] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded. — [*To Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad;
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Arthur. O, this will make my mother die with grief!
King John. [*To the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England! haste before;
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots. Set at liberty
Imprison'd angels; the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon.
Use our commission in his utmost force.
Bastard. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness. — Grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.
Elinor. Farewell, gentle cousin.
King John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*

Elinor. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

King John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor
And with advantage means to pay thy love;
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say, —
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hubert. I am much bounden to your majesty.

King John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, — but let it go.
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes,
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
But, ah, I will not! — yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hubert. So well that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it!

King John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, — Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy. I 'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hubert. And I 'll keep him so
That he shall not offend your majesty.

King John. Death.

Hubert. My lord?

King John. A grave.

Hubert. He shall not live.

King John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;

Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee.
Remember. — Madam, fare you well;
I 'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
Elinor. My blessing go with thee!
King John. For England, cousin, go;
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. — On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Same. The French King's Tent*

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and* Attendants

King Philip. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pandulph. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
King Philip. What can go well when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortified;
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example. Who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?
King Philip. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame. —

Enter Constance

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath. —
I prithee, lady, go away with me.

Constance. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace.

King Philip. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Constance. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death. — O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones,
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows,
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself!
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O come to me!

King Philip. O fair affliction, peace!

Constance. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry. —
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world,

And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pandulph. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Constance. Thou art not holy to belie me so.
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am not mad; I would to heaven I were!
For then, 't is like I should forget myself;
O, if I could, what grief should I forget! —
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For being not mad but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

King Philip. Bind up those tresses. — O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Constance. To England, if you will.
King Philip. Bind up your hairs.
Constance. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,
'O that these hands could so redeem my son
As they have given these hairs their liberty!'
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner. —
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he 'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him. Therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Pandulph. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.
Constance. He talks to me that never had a son.
King Philip. You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Constance. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?
Fare you well; had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do. —
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [*Exit.*

King Philip. I fear some outrage, and I 'll follow her. [*Exit.*

Lewis. There 's nothing in this world can make me joy.
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pandulph. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave
On their departure most of all show evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pandulph. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'T is strange to think how much King John hath lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won;
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?
Lewis. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pandulph. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit,
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.
Lewis. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
Pandulph. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Lewis. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.
Pandulph. How green you are and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you,
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts

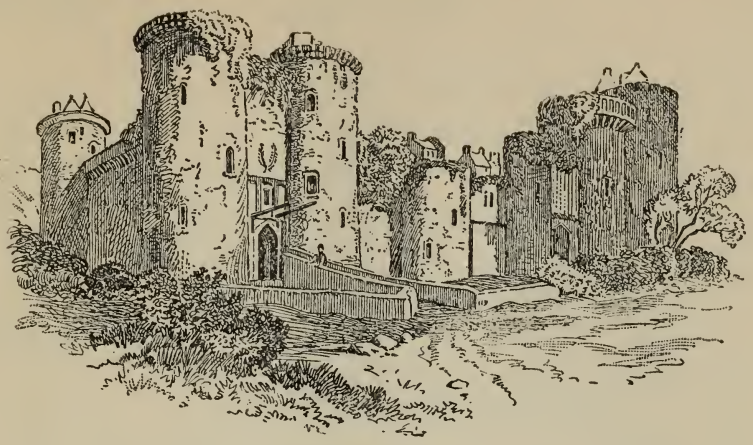
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lewis. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pandulph. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd! The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity; if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side,
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,

Go with me to the king; 't is wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topfull of offence.
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lewis. Strong reasons make strong actions; let us go
If you say ay, the king will not say no. [*Exeunt.*



POMFRET CASTLE

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A Room in a Castle*

Enter HUBERT *and two* Attendants

Hubert. Heat me these irons hot, and look thou stand
Within the arras; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair. Be heedful; hence, and watch.

1 *Attendant.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hubert. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you; look to 't.—

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR

Arthur. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hubert. Good morrow, little prince.

Arthur. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hubert. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arthur. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I;
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me.
He is afraid of me and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hubert. [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arthur. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you;
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hubert. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur.— [*Showing a paper.*

[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears. —
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arthur. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hubert. Young boy, I must.
Arthur. And will you?
Hubert. And I will.
Arthur. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache
I knit my handkercher about your brows, —
The best I had, a princess wrought it me, —
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'
Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lien still
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you,
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will.
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you.

Hubert. I have sworn to do it,
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arthur. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence,
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him, — no tongue but Hubert's.
Hubert. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, *with a cord, irons, etc.*

Do as I bid you do.
Arthur. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
Hubert. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
Arthur. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly.

Thrust but these men away, and I 'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hubert. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 *Attendant.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

Arthur. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hubert. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arthur. Is there no remedy?

Hubert. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arthur. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hubert. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arthur. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes.
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

Hubert. I can heat it, boy.

Arthur. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd

In undeserv'd extremes. See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal,
The breath of heaven has blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
Hubert. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arthur. An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert;
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes,
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
Hubert. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.
Arthur. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
Hubert. Peace! no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead.
I 'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arthur. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.
Hubert. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *King John's Palace*

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, *and other* Lords

King John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pembroke. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous. You were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.

Salisbury. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pembroke. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Salisbury. In this the antique and well noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;

And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pembroke. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse, —
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Salisbury. To this effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

King John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with and think them strong;
And more, more strong, when lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with, meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pembroke. Then I — as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,

Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies — heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur, whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument, —
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty,
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter HUBERT

King John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth
To your direction. — Hubert, what news with you?
[*Taking him apart.*

Pembroke. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast,
And I do fearfully believe 't is done,

What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Salisbury. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set;
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pembroke. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

King John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead;
He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Salisbury. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pembroke. Indeed we heard how near his death he was
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answer'd either here or hence.

King John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Salisbury. It is apparent foul play; and 't is shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it.
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

Pembroke. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I 'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

King John. They burn in indignation. I repent;
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by others' death. —

Enter a Messenger

A fearful eye thou hast; where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm;
Pour down thy weather. — How goes all in France?

Messenger. From France to England. Never such a power
For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes that they are all arriv'd.

King John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France
And she not hear of it?

Messenger. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,

The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before. But this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or false I know not.
King John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful Occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers! — What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France! —
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?
Messenger. Under the Dauphin.
King John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. —

Enter the BASTARD *and* PETER *of Pomfret*

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Bastard. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.
King John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Bastard. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied,
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,

Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear;
And here 's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels,
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

King John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

King John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him,
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety and return,
For I must use thee. — [*Exit Hubert with Peter.*
O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bastard. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it.
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

King John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Bastard. I will seek them out.

King John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before. —

O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion! —
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bastard. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit.*

King John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman. —

Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,
And be thou he.

Messenger. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

King John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT

Hubert. My lord, they say five moons were seen tonight;

Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

King John. Five moons!

Hubert. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,

Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news,
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

King John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murther'd him; I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hubert. No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

King John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hubert. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

King John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murther had not come into my mind;
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death,
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hubert. My lord, —

King John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me;
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin,
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers;

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.
Hubert. Arm you against your other enemies,
I 'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive; this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murtherous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
King John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Before the Castle*

Enter Arthur, *on the walls*

Arthur. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down. —
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not! —
There 's few or none do know me ; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid ; and yet I 'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I 'll find a thousand shifts to get away ;
As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones. —
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, *and* Bigot

Salisbury. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury ;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pembroke. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Salisbury. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France,
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.
Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Salisbury. Or rather then set forward ; for 't will be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter the BASTARD

Bastard. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king by me requests your presence straight.
Salisbury. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us.
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so; we know the worst.
Bastard. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Salisbury. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
Bastard. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore 't were reason you had manners now.
Pembroke. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
Bastard. 'T is true, to hurt his master, no man else.
Salisbury. This is the prison. What is he lies here?
[*Seeing Arthur.*
Pembroke. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Salisbury. Murther, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Bigot. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Salisbury. Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld,

Or have you read or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murther's arms; this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
Pembroke. All murthers past do stand excus'd in this;
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times,
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
Bastard. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Salisbury. If that it be the work of any hand!
We had a kind of light what would ensue.
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand,
The practice and the purpose of the king,
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,

Till I have set a glory to this hand
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pembroke.
Bigot. } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT

Hubert. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Salisbury. O, he is bold and blushes not at death.—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hubert. I am no villain.

Salisbury. Must I rob the law?
[*Drawing his sword.*

Bastard. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Salisbury. Not till I sheathe it in a murtherer's skin.

Hubert. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think my sword 's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hubert. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Salisbury. Thou art a murtherer.

Hubert. Do not prove me so.
Yet I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pembroke. Cut him to pieces.

Bastard. Keep the peace, I say.

Salisbury. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bastard. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury;
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I 'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I 'll so maul you and your toasting-iron
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain and a murtherer?

Hubert. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this prince?

Hubert. 'T is not an hour since I left him well;
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Salisbury. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Bigot. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pembroke. There tell the king he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Bastard. Here 's a good world! — Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach

Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
Hubert. Do but hear me, sir.
Bastard. Ha! I 'll tell thee what;
Thou 'rt damn'd as black — nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer;
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
Hubert. Upon my soul —
Bastard. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hubert. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.
Bastard. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,

The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-picked bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace;
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. — Bear away that child
And follow me with speed; I 'll to the king.
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*

St. Edmundsbury

ACT V

Scene I. *King John's Palace*

Enter King John, Pandulph, *and* Attendants

King John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving the crown.*
Pandulph. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
King John. Now keep your holy word; go meet the French,
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience,

Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not, for the present time 's so sick
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pandulph. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

King John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose it should be on constraint,
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the BASTARD

Bastard. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover castle. London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone

To offer service to your enemy,
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.
King John. Would not my lords return to me again
After they heard young Arthur was alive?
Bastard. They found him dead and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.
King John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.
Bastard. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener and outface the brow
Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of war
When he intendeth to become the field;
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there
O, let it not be said; forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh.

King John. The legate of the pope hath been with me
And I have made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bastard. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms.
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

King John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bastard. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The Dauphin's Camp at St. Edmundsbury*

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, *and* Soldiers

Lewis. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,

Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.
Salisbury. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and an unurg'd faith
To your proceedings, yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! O, and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong. —
And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, — I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause, —
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove!

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore,
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lewis. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm;
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enrag'd,
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself; — so, nobles, shall you all

That knit your sinews to the strength of mine. —
And even there, methinks, an angel spake;

Enter PANDULPH

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pandulph. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this: King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome.
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lewis. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 't is far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,

Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is 't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out
'Vive le roi!' as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pandulph. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death. —
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the BASTARD, *attended*

Bastard. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak. —
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.
Pandulph. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says he 'll not lay down his arms.
Bastard. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well. Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd, and reason too he should;
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,

Thinking his voice an armed Englishman, —
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No! know the gallant monarch is in arms,
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest. —
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pandulph. Give me leave to speak.

Bastard. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.

Bastard. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd

That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder; for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John, and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bastard. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The Field of Battle*

Alarums. Enter King John *and* Hubert

King John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hubert. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

King John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger

Messenger. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.

King John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Messenger. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now;
The French fight coldly and retire themselves.

King John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news. —
Set on toward Swinstead; to my litter straight.
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Another Part of the Field*

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, *and* Bigot

Salisbury. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pembroke. Up once again; put spirit in the French.
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Salisbury. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pembroke. They say King John sore sick hath left the field.

Enter Melun, *wounded*

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Salisbury. When we were happy we had other names.

Pembroke. It is the Count Melun.

Salisbury. Wounded to death.

Melun. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,

And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn
And I with him, and many moe with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury,
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Salisbury. May this be possible? may this be true?

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east;
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert with your king;

The love of him, and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Salisbury. We do believe thee; and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. — Away, my friends! New flight,
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*

Scene V. *The French Camp*

Enter Lewis *and his train*

Lewis. The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,
But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,

When English measure backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil we bid good night,
And wound our tottering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger

Messenger. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lewis. Here; what news?
Messenger. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords
By his persuasion are again fallen off,
And your supply which you have wish'd so long
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.
Lewis. Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me.— Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Messenger. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lewis. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night.
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *An Open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey*

Enter the BASTARD *and* HUBERT, *severally*

Hubert. Who 's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bastard. A friend. — What art thou?

Hubert. Of the part of England.

Bastard. Whither dost thou go?

Hubert. What 's that to thee? why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bastard. Hubert, I think?

Hubert. Thou hast a perfect thought;
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?

Bastard. Who thou wilt; and if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hubert. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame. — Brave soldier, pardon me
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bastard. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hubert. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night
To find you out.

Bastard. Brief, then; and what 's the news?

Hubert. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.
Bastard. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I 'll not swoon at it.
Hubert. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk;
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time
Than if you had at leisure known of this.
Bastard. How did he take it? who did taste to him?
Hubert. A monk, I tell you, a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out; the king
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.
Bastard. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
Hubert. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back
And brought Prince Henry in their company,
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.
Bastard. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I 'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away before; conduct me to the king.
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT

Prince Henry. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Doth by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE

Pembroke. His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

Prince Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here. —
Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot.*

Pembroke. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

Prince Henry. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible, and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'T is strange that death should sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Salisbury. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Enter Attendants, *and* Bigot, *carrying* King John *in a chair*

King John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom
That all my bowels crumble up to dust;
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Prince Henry. How fares your majesty?

King John. Poison'd, — ill fare — dead, forsook, cast off;
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much;
I beg cold comfort, and you are so strait
And so ingrateful you deny me that.

Prince Henry. O that there were some virtue in my tears
That might relieve you!
King John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD

Bastard. O, I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleen of speed to see your majesty!
King John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye.
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair;
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by
Which holds but till thy news be uttered,
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.
Bastard. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer him;
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The king dies.*
Salisbury. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear. —
My liege! my lord! — But now a king, now thus.

Prince Henry. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?
Bastard. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still. —
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? show now your mended faiths.
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
Salisbury. It seems you know not, then, so much as we.
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
Bastard. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
Salisbury. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal,

With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bastard. Let it be so. — And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

Prince Henry. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

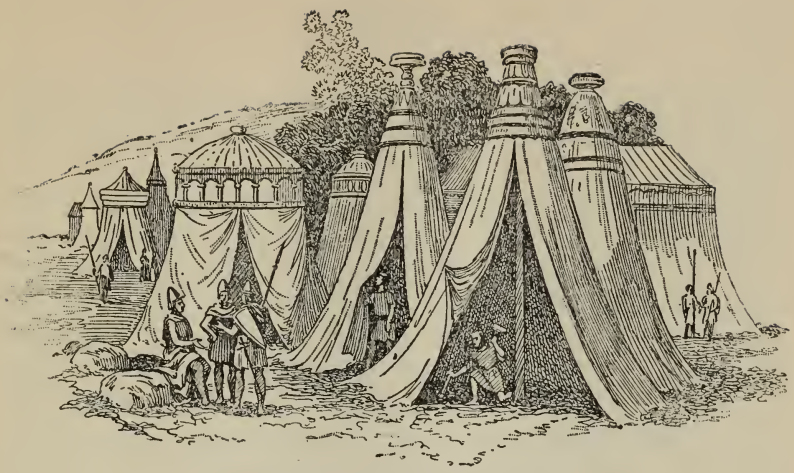
Bastard. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Salisbury. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

Prince Henry. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Bastard. O, let us pay the time but needful woe
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs. —
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES



TENTS OF THE PERIOD
(From Ancient MS.)

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

THE METRE OF THE PLAY. — It should be understood at the outset that *metre*, or the mechanism of verse, is something altogether distinct from the *music* of verse. The one is matter of rule, the other of taste and feeling. Music is not an absolute necessity of verse; the metrical form is a necessity, being that which constitutes the verse.

The plays of Shakespeare (with the exception of rhymed passages, and of occasional songs and interludes) are all in unrhymed or *blank* verse; and the normal form of this blank verse is illustrated by the first line of the present play: "Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?"

This line, it will be seen, consists of ten syllables, with the even syllables (2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th) accented, the odd syllables (1st, 3d, etc.) being unaccented. Theoretically, it is made up of

five *feet* of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable. Such a foot is called an *iambus* (plural, *iambuses*, or the Latin *iambi*), and the form of verse is called *iambic*.

This fundamental law of Shakespeare's verse is subject to certain modifications, the most important of which are as follows: —

1. After the tenth syllable an unaccented syllable (or even two such syllables) may be added, forming what is sometimes called a *female* line; as in i. 1. 10: "To this fair island and the territories." The rhythm is complete with the third syllable of *territories*, the fourth being an extra eleventh syllable. In iv. 2. 162 ("Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury") we have two extra syllables, the rhythm being complete with the first syllable of *Salisbury* (a trisyllable, pronounced *Sawlsbury*).

2. The accent in any part of the verse may be shifted from an even to an odd syllable; as in i. 1. 9: "Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claims:" and 45: "Come from the country to be judg'd by you." In both lines the accent is shifted from the second to the first syllable. This change occurs very rarely in the tenth syllable, and seldom in the fourth; and it is not allowable in two successive accented syllables.

3. An extra unaccented syllable may occur in any part of the line; as in i. 1. 9, 18, and 71. In 9 the third syllable of *Plantagenet* is superfluous; in 18 the first syllable of *enforce;* and in 71 the second of *being*. In line 20 the word *so* is superfluous.

4. Any unaccented syllable, occurring in an even place immediately before or after an even syllable which is properly accented, is reckoned as accented for the purposes of the verse; as, for instance, in lines 4, 5, and 15. In 4 and 5 the last syllable of *majesty*, and in 15 that of *sovereign*, are metrically equivalent to accented syllables; and so with the first syllable of *disallow* in 16, the last of *arguments* in 36, and of *arbitrate* in 38.

5. In many instances in Shakespeare words must be *lengthened* in order to fill out the rhythm: —

(*a*) In a large class of words in which *e* or *i* is followed by

another vowel, the *e* or *i* is made a separate syllable; as *ocean* (see on ii. 1. 340 and iv. 3. 132), *opinion*, *soldier*, *patient* (see on v. 7. 11), *partial*, *marriage*, etc. For instance, i. 1. 30 ("Pembroke, look to 't. — Farewell, Chatillon") appears to have only nine syllables, but *Chatillon* (which in line 1 was a trisyllable) is here a quadrisyllable ("Chatillion," as it is spelt in the folio); and the same is true of *protection* in ii. 1. 236: "Lo in this right hand, whose protection." There are many similar instances in this play. This lengthening occurs most frequently at the end of the line, but in iii. 4. 65 *sociable* is a quadrisyllable occurring before the end.

(*b*) Many monosyllables ending in *r*, *re*, *rs*, *res*, preceded by a long vowel or diphthong, are often made dissyllables; as *fare* (see on v. 7. 35), *dear*, *fire*, *hair*, *hour* (see on iv. 3. 104), *your*, etc. If the word is repeated in a verse it is often both monosyllable and dissyllable; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 20: "And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so," where either *yours* (preferably the first) is a dissyllable, the other being a monosyllable. In *J. C.* iii. 1. 172: "As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity," the first *fire* is a dissyllable.

(*c*) Words containing *l* or *r*, preceded by another consonant, are often pronounced as if a vowel came between or after the consonants; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 158: "While she did call me rascal fiddler" [fiddl(e)er]; *All's Well*, iii. 5. 43: "If you will tarry, holy pilgrim" [pilg(e)rim]; *C. of E.* v. 1. 360: "These are the parents of these children" (childeren, the original form of the word); *W. T.* iv. 4. 76: "Grace and remembrance [rememb(e)rance] be to you both!" (see also on v. 2. 2. of the present play), etc.

(*d*) Monosyllabic exclamations (*ay*, *O*, *yea*, *nay*, *hail*, etc.) and monosyllables otherwise emphasized are similarly lengthened; also certain longer words; as *safety* (trisyllable) in *Ham.* i. 3. 21; *business* (trisyllable, as originally pronounced) in *J. C.* iv. 1. 22: "To groan and sweat under the business" (so in several other passages); and other words mentioned in the notes to the plays in which they occur.

6. Words are also *contracted* for metrical reasons, like plurals and possessives ending in a sibilant, as *balance, horse* (for *horses* and *horse's*, as in ii. 1. 289 of this play), *princess, sense, marriage* (plural and possessive), *image*, etc. So with many adjectives in the superlative (like *eld'st* in ii. 1. 177, *stern'st, kind'st, secret'st*, etc.), and certain other words.

7. The *accent* of words is also varied in many instances for metrical reasons. Thus we find both *révenue* and *revénue* in the first scene of the *M. N. D.* (lines 6 and 158), *cónfine* (noun) and *confine*, *cóntrary* and *contrárry* (see on iv. 2. 198), *cónjure* (see on iv. 2. 269) and *conjúre*, *púrsue* and *pursúe*, *distinct* and *distínct*, etc.

These instances of variable accent must not be confounded with those in which words were uniformly accented differently in the time of Shakespeare; like *aspéct* (see on ii. 1. 250, iv. 2. 72, 224), *impórtune, sepúlchre* (verb), *perséver* (see on ii. 1. 421), *canónized* (see on iii. 1. 177), *rheúmatic*, etc.

8. *Alexandrines*, or verses of twelve syllables, with six accents, occur here and there in the plays. They must not be confounded with female lines with two extra syllables (see on 1 above) or with other lines in which two extra unaccented syllables may occur.

9. *Incomplete* verses, of one or more syllables, are scattered through the plays. See i. 1. 55, 157, ii. 1. 276, 279, etc.

10. *Doggerel* measure is used in the very earliest comedies (*L. L. L.* and *C. of E.* in particular) in the mouths of comic characters, but nowhere else in those plays, and never anywhere in plays written after 1598. There is none in this play.

11. *Rhyme* occurs frequently in the early plays, but diminishes with comparative regularity from that period until the latest. Thus, in *L. L. L.* there are about 1100 rhyming verses (about one-third of the whole number), in the *M. N. D.* about 900, in *Richard II.* and *R. and J.* about 500 each, while in *Cor.* and *A. and C.* there are only about 40 each, in *Temp.* only two, and in *W. T.* none at all, except in the chorus introducing act iv. Songs, interludes, and other matter not in ten-syllable measure are not included in

this enumeration. In the present play, out of 2570 verses, about 150 are in rhyme.

Alternate rhymes are found only in the plays written before 1599 or 1600. They are particularly frequent in *L. L. L.* and *M. N. D.*, but much less so in *C. of E.*, *T. G. of V.*, and *R. and J.* In the present play there are only twelve lines. In *M. of V.* there are only four lines at the end of iii. 2. In *Much Ado* and *A. Y. L.* we also find a few lines, but none at all in subsequent plays.

Rhymed couplets, or "rhyme-tags" are often found at the end of scenes; as in 11 of the 16 scenes of the present play. In *Ham.* 14 out of 20 scenes, and in *Macb.* 21 out of 28, have such "tags;" but in the latest plays they are not so frequent. In *Temp.*, for instance, there is but one, and in *W. T.* none.

12. In this edition of Shakespeare, the final *-ed* of past tenses and participles *in verse* is printed *-'d* when the word is to be pronounced in the ordinary way; as in *borrow'd*, lines 4 and 5, and *judg'd*, line 45, of the first scene. But when the metre requires that the *-ed* be made a separate syllable, the *e* is retained; as in *deceased*, line 8, where the word is a trisyllable, and *examined* (quadrisyllable), line 89. The only variation from this rule is in verbs like *cry*, *die*, *sue*, etc., the *-ed* of which is very rarely, if ever, made a separate syllable.

Shakespeare's Use of Verse and Prose in the Plays. — This is a subject to which the critics have given very little attention, but it is an interesting study. In most of the plays we find scenes entirely in verse or in prose, and others in which the two are mixed; but in *King John* there is no prose. In general, we may say that verse is used for what is distinctly poetical, and prose for what is not poetical. The distinction, however, is not so clearly marked in the earlier as in the later plays. The second scene of *M. of V.*, for instance, is in prose, because Portia and Nerissa are talking about the suitors in a familiar and playful way; but in *T. G. of V.*, where Julia and Lucetta are discussing the suitors of the former in

much the same fashion, the scene is in verse. Dowden, commenting on *Rich. II.* (which is wholly in verse), remarks: "Had Shakespeare written the play a few years later, we may be certain that the gardener and his servants (iii. 4) would not have uttered stately speeches in verse, but would have spoken homely prose, and that humour would have mingled with the pathos of the scene. The same remark may be made with reference to the subsequent scene (v. 5) in which his groom visits the dethroned king in the Tower." Comic characters and those in low life generally speak in prose in the later plays, as Dowden intimates, but in the very earliest ones doggerel verse is much used instead. See on 10 above.

The change from prose to verse is well illustrated in the third scene of *M. of V.* It begins with plain prosaic talk about a business matter; but when Antonio enters, it rises at once to the higher level of poetry. The sight of Antonio reminds Shylock of his hatred of the Merchant, and the passion expresses itself in verse, the vernacular tongue of poetry.

The reasons for the choice of prose or verse are not always so clear as in this instance. We are seldom puzzled to explain the prose, but not unfrequently we meet with verse where we might expect prose. As Professor Corson remarks (*Introduction to Shakespeare*, 1889), "Shakespeare adopted verse as the general tenor of his language, and therefore expressed much in verse that is within the capabilities of prose; in other words, his verse constantly encroaches upon the domain of prose, but his prose can never be said to encroach upon the domain of verse." If in rare instances we think we find exceptions to this latter statement, and prose actually seems to usurp the place of verse, I believe that careful study of the passage will prove the supposed exception to be apparent rather than real.

Some Books for Teachers and Students. — A few out of the many books that might be commended to the teacher and the critical student are the following: Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (7th ed. 1887); Sidney Lee's *Life of Shake-*

speare (1898; for ordinary students the abridged ed. of 1899 is preferable); Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* (3d ed. 1902); Littledale's ed. of Dyce's *Glossary* (1902); Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare* (1895); Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (1873); Furness's "New Variorum" ed. of the plays (encyclopædic and exhaustive); Dowden's *Shakespeare: His Mind and Art* (American ed. 1881); Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare* (revised ed. 1882); Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women* (several eds.; some with the title, *Shakespeare Heroines*); Ten Brink's *Five Lectures on Shakespeare* (1895); Boas's *Shakespeare and His Predecessors* (1895); Dyer's *Folk-lore of Shakespeare* (American ed. 1884); Gervinus's *Shakespeare Commentaries* (Bunnett's translation, 1875); Wordsworth's *Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Bible* (3d ed. 1880); Elson's *Shakespeare in Music* (1901); Rolfe's *Life of Shakespeare* (1904).

Some of the above books will be useful to all readers who are interested in special subjects or in general criticism of Shakespeare. Among those which are better suited to the needs of ordinary readers and students, the following may be mentioned: Mabie's *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man* (1900); Dowden's *Shakspere Primer* (1877; small but invaluable); Rolfe's *Shakespeare the Boy* (1896; not a mere juvenile book, but useful for general reference on the home and school life, the games and sports, the manners, customs, and folk-lore of the poet's time); Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome* (for young students who may need information on mythological allusions not explained in the notes).

For the English historical plays, B. E. Warner's *English History in Shakespeare's Plays* (1894) will be good collateral reading, particularly in secondary schools.

Black's *Judith Shakespeare* (1884; a novel, but a careful study of the scene and the time) is a book that I always commend to young people, and their elders will also enjoy it. The Lambs' *Tales from Shakespeare* is a classic for beginners in the study of

the dramatist ; and in Rolfe's ed. the plan of the authors is carried out in the Notes by copious illustrative quotations from the plays. Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's *Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines* (Boston ed. 1904) will particularly interest girls ; and both girls and boys will find Bennett's *Master Skylark* (1897) and Imogen Clark's *Will Shakespeare's Little Lad* (1897) equally entertaining and instructive.

H. Snowden Ward's *Shakespeare's Town and Times* (2d ed. 1902) and John Leyland's *Shakespeare Country* (2d ed. 1903) are copiously illustrated books (yet inexpensive) which may be particularly commended for school libraries.

ABBREVIATIONS IN THE NOTES. — The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's plays will be readily understood ; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim ; V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis ; L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint ;* and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets.*

Other abbreviations that hardly need explanation are *Cf.* (*confer*, compare), *Fol.* (following), *Id.* (*idem*, the same), and *Prol.* (prologue). The numbers of the lines in the references (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" edition (the cheapest and best edition of *Shakespeare* in one compact volume, and a book that every teacher and student should have), which is now generally accepted as the standard for line-numbers in works of reference (Schmidt's *Lexicon*, Abbott's *Grammar*, Dowden's *Primer*, the publications of the New Shakspere Society, etc.).

KING JOHN

ACT I

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. — I give these as in the Cambridge and Globe eds. The *Variorum* of 1821 and most of the modern eds. add sundry historical details; as the fact that Prince Henry was "afterwards King Henry III.," etc. "Faulconbridge" is the spelling of the folio, followed by the majority of the modern editors.

SCENE I. — Most of the eds. give the scene as "*Northampton. A Room of State in the King's Palace.*" There is no doubt that the court was then held at Northampton; but with regard to the locality of some of the other scenes we cannot speak so positively. The 1st scene of act iv., for instance, is laid by Capell in "Northampton," by Halliwell-Phillipps in "Dover," and by White in "Canterbury." As the Cambridge editors remark, "nothing is gained by an attempt to harmonize the plot with historical facts gathered from Holinshed and elsewhere, when it is plain that S. was either ignorant of them or indifferent to minute accuracy."

1. *Chatillon.* The old eds. have "Chatillion," which indicates the pronunciation. There is no historic mention of his embassy.

3. *In my behaviour.* "In the *character* which I here assume" (Johnson); "in the words and action that I am going to use" (Malone); "not only in my words, but in my bearing and manner — my assumption of superiority to the 'borrowed majesty' of John" (Fleay).

4. *Borrow'd.* The folio has "borrowed" (also in the next line), which the Cambridge ed. retains.

5. *Elinor of Guienne,* as she is called, was daughter of William IV., Duke of Aquitaine, first married to Louis VII. of France (from whom she was divorced), and later to Henry Plantagenet, afterward Henry II.

7. *Philip of France,* Philip Augustus, who succeeded his father in 1180, at the age of fifteen. He died in 1223.

In right and true behalf = in behalf of the just claim.

10. *Territories.* Feudal dependencies.

16. *Disallow.* Used by S. nowhere else; but we have *allow of* in *W. T.* iv. 1. 29 and *T. N.* iv. 2. 63.

17. *Control.* Constraint, compulsion. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 84: "without control" (that is, restraint). See also *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 96: —

> "*French King.* Or else what follows?
> *Exeter.* Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
> Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it."

19. *War for war,* etc. Steevens compares *Jeronimo,* 1588–89: —

> "*Aud.* Thou shalt pay tribute, Portugal, with blood.
> *Bal.* Tribute for tribute then; and foes for foes."

24. *As lightning.* Johnson finds fault with the simile, because "the lightning is destructive, and the thunder innocent;" but it is the quickness with which the thunder *follows* the lightning to which

the poet alludes. Besides, the thunder was not then thought to be harmless. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 204, ii. 2. 112, *M. for M.* ii. 2. 110 fol., *J. C.* i. 3. 49, *Cymb.* iv. 2. 271, etc.

Of course the mention of *cannon* here is an anachronism, as it is in *Macbeth* and *Hamlet.* Gunpowder was not invented until at least a century later, and artillery is commonly said to have been first used at the battle of Cressy. S. "uses terms which were familiar to his audience, to present a particular image to their senses. Had he, instead of cannon, spoken of the mangonell and the petraria — the stone-flinging machines of the time of John — he would have addressed himself to the very few who might have appreciated his exactness, but his words would have fallen dead upon the ears of the many" (Knight).

27. *Trumpet.* Trumpeter, herald. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 61: "I will the banner from a trumpet take." See also *Ham.* i. 1. 150, *T. and C.* iv. 5. 6, etc.

28. *Sullen.* Sad, dismal. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 5. 88: "sullen dirges," etc. It is often applied to sounds; as of a funeral bell. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 102: "A sullen bell, remember'd tolling a departing friend."

29. *Conduct.* Escort; as in *Hen. V.* i. 2. 297: "safe conduct," etc. This use of the word is still retained in military parlance.

30. *Pembroke.* This was William Marshall, second son of John Marshall, Lord Mareschal to Henry II. He became Earl of Pembroke by his marriage with Isabel de Clare, daughter of Richard Strongbow. His eldest son, of the same name, was one of the twenty-five barons who obtained Magna Charta from King John; and it was this son who was among the nobles that joined the Dauphin. The father remained faithful to John. He died in 1219, and was buried in the Temple Church in London.

Chatillon. A quadrisyllable here, like the "Chatillion" of the folio. See also p. 133 above.

34. *Party.* Part, side; as in ii. 1. 361 and iii. 1. 123 below.

37. *Manage.* Administration. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 70: "the man-

age of my state;" *M. of V.* iii. 4. 25: "The husbandry and manage of my house," etc.

40–43. *Your strong possession*, etc. Spoken aside to John, as the last line proves.

44. *My liege*, etc. The speaker, Earl of Essex, was Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, or Fitz-Piers, who was created Earl in 1199, the first year of John's reign, and died in 1212.

49. *Charge*. Cost, expense; as often. Cf. v. 2. 100 below.

50. *Your faithful subject*, etc. Steevens remarks that the character of the Bastard, adopted from the old play, is "compounded of two distinct personages:" "Falcasius de Brente" of Matthew Paris's *Chronicle*, and the natural son of Richard I. "named Philip," mentioned by Holinshed. Malone suggests that the author of the old play was led to affix the name of *Faulconbridge* to this son of King Richard by a passage in the continuation of Harding's *Chronicle*, 1543, where he is called "one Faulconbridge, therle of Kent, his bastarde, a stoute-hearted man." It is said that his mother was a lady of Poictou, and that King Richard bestowed upon her son a lordship in that province. The old play gives only this slight hint of the character which S. has made so much of: —

> "Next them a bastard of the king's deceas'd,
> A hardie wild-head, rough, and venturous."

About *Robert Faulconbridge* nothing of historic interest is known. In the old play his father is called *Richard*, not *Robert*, as by S. Of Lady Faulconbridge nothing is known beyond the facts that S. uses in the play.

54. *Cœur-de-lion*. Spelt uniformly "Cordelion" in the folios.

62. *Put you o'er*. Refer you; the only instance of the phrase in S.

64. *Rude man!* Fleay gives "rude-man" (like *goodman*, etc.) and compares "rudesby" in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 10 and *T. N.* iv. 1. 55.

65. *Diffidence*. Distrust, suspicion; the only sense of the word in S. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 10: —

"We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;"

and *Lear*, i. 2. 161: "needless diffidences."

68. *A'*. A corruption of *he*, common in the language of the vulgar, but sometimes put into the mouth of the well-bred (Schmidt). The early eds. print it without the apostrophe; the modern ones give *a'* or *'a*.

69. *Pound*. S. uses both *pound* and *pounds* for the plural.

75. *Whether*. The folios (except the 4th) have "where," as in ii. 1. 167 below and not a few other passages. Some eds. print "whe'r," which is another contraction found in the old eds. In 134 below the folios have "whether," though the word is metrically equivalent to a monosyllable, as here.

78. *Fair fall*, etc. Good luck befall the frame that bore the pains of maternity for me! Cf. *V. and A.* 472: "Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!" See also *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 124, 125.

The Earl of Salisbury, who, like Pembroke, appears in this scene without speaking, was William Longswood, natural son of Henry II. by Rosamond Clifford. He married Ela, daughter of William Devereux, Earl of Salisbury, and succeeded to the title. He was one of the lords who represented the king in the negotiations concerning Magna Charta, but afterwards revolted and joined the Dauphin.

82. *O old Sir Robert, father*. Perhaps Fleay is right in omitting the comma after *Robert*.

84. *Lent*. Heath conjectured "sent;" but cf. *R. of L.* 17, *A. W.* ii. 2. 8, *Per.* prol. 24, etc.

85. *Trick*. Peculiarity; as in *W. T.* ii. 3. 100: "The trick of 's frown;" *Lear*, iv. 6. 108: "The trick of that voice I do well remember," etc. Some connect this use of the word with its heraldic application = copy. Mr. Wilbraham, in his MS. notes (cited in the Cambridge ed.), gives from an old account-book: "July 21st, 1691, received of Mr. Cole for a trick of Consure's arms, 2*s.* 6*d.*"

86. *Affecteth*. Resembles; a sense not found elsewhere in S.,

but somewhat like its use = imitate, as in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 199: "Thou dost affect my manners," etc.

88. *The large composition*, etc. "This expression finely brings to the eye those magnificent proportions of manly strength that characterized Richard I., and which helped to make him the heroic ideal of English hearts" (Clarke).

94. *A half-fac'd groat.* A silver groat (or fourpence) with the king's profile on it; first coined in the reign of Henry VII. The groat was not coined at all until the time of Edward III. But S. did not mind these little anachronisms. For the contemptuous use of *half-faced*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 283: "this same half-faced fellow, Shadow." Here there is a play upon the word.

100. *The emperor.* Henry VI.

110. *Took it*, etc. Took his oath, protested. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 154: "I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound;" *Id.* ii. 4. 9: "They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy," etc. Fleay quotes *Lover's Progress*, v. 3: —

> "Upon my death I take it, uncompell'd,
> That they are guilty."

119. *Which fault.* Cf. iii. 1. 40 below: "Which harm," etc. *Lies on the hazards of* = is risked by; a gambling phrase. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 166: "I'll lay myself in hazard," etc.

127. *This concludes.* "This is a *decisive argument.* As your father, if he liked him, could not be forced to resign him, so, not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him" (Johnson). Perhaps it is simply = this is the conclusion.

137. *Lord of thy presence.* "Master of that fine manly person inherited from Cœur-de-lion;" with perhaps the added idea, as Clarke suggests, of "master of thine own individuality or identity." Cf. ii. 1. 367 and 377 below. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes Sir Henry Wotton's description of *The Happy Man:* —

"Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all."

138. *An if.* The folios have "And if," as often. Some editors read, "An if" in 112 above, assuming that it represents the *And if* of the folio, as perhaps it does.

139. *And I*, etc. The folio reads: "And I had his, sir *Roberts* his like him," etc. The modern editors arrange it in as many different ways as a Chinese puzzle. The majority give it, "And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him." Fleay has "And I had his Sir Robert's; his, like him;" that is, "his (my brother's) shape of Sir Robert; *his* (my brother's); like *him* (my brother) — Philip pointing at his brother at the words *his* and *him*." The reading in the text is that of the Cambridge ed. *Sir Robert's his* may perhaps be = his, derived from Sir Robert, or Sir Robert's shape as seen in him; spoken contemptuously, the repeated *his* being treated as a noun. Johnson explains "Sir Robert his" as = Sir Robert's, the *his* being used instead of the possessive *'s*, as in "Mars his sword" (*Sonn.* 55. 7), "Lewis his satisfaction" (*Hen. V.* i. 2. 88), etc.; but I doubt whether that form of the possessive was ever used with the thing possessed "understood," not expressed. Schmidt considers that in *Sir Robert's his* we have "the *'s* of the genitive and *his* combined."

140. *Riding-rods.* Switches.

142. *Rose.* It was the fashion in Elizabeth's time to wear rosettes of ribbon, and sometimes real roses, stuck behind the ear. Steevens cites Marston, Jonson, Davenant, and Burton in illustration of the custom.

To understand the allusion in *three-farthings*, it is necessary to know that Elizabeth coined pieces of that value which had her head and the emblematic *rose* of England upon them. These coins, as Malone states, were of silver and so *thin* that they were liable to be cracked. Hence Jonson, in his *Every Man in His Humour*, says: "He values me at a cracked three-farthings."

144. *To.* In addition to, besides; as not unfrequently.

146. *Face!* Fleay reads "hand," as being "necessary for the rhyme with *land*, and also for the antithesis to *foot*, which, after Shakespeare's usual custom, is used in a double sense, one meaning being merely glanced at."

147. *Nob.* Contemptuous for *Robert.* The folio prints it "sir nobbe." Clarke thinks there is a kind of a pun on *nob*, the cant word for head.

154. *Unto the death.* Though death be the consequence; the Fr. *à la mort.* Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 72, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 146, etc.

161. *Arise.* Steevens's emendation of the "rise" of the folios.

162. *Plantagenet.* Originally not a family name, but a nickname, by which a grandson of Geffrey, the first earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a broom-stalk (*planta genista*) in his bonnet; afterwards popularly assigned as a surname to the royal family of England from Henry II. to Richard II. (Malone). Other explanations of the origin of the name have been given.

169. *Truth.* Honesty (Johnson). Cf. 181 below. *What though* = what of it? what matters it? Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 286, *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 31, *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 9, etc.

170. *Something about*, etc. "*I am*, says the sprightly knight, *your grandson*, a little *irregularly*, but every man cannot get what he wishes the legal way. He that *dares not go* about his designs *by day* must *make his motions* in the *night; he* to whom the door is shut must climb the *window* or leap the *hatch.* This, however, shall not depress me; for the world never inquires how any man got what he is known to possess, but allows that *to have* is *to have*, however it was *caught*, and that he *who wins shot well*, whatever was his skill, whether the arrow fell *near* the mark or *far* off it" (Johnson). *In at the window* and *over the hatch* were proverbial phrases for illegitimacy, as Steevens shows by sundry quotations. A *hatch* is a half-door (the lower half of the door arranged to shut, leaving the upper half open like a window) such as is still commonly seen in English cottages. Cf. v. 2. 138 below: "take the hatch;" and *Lear*, iii. 6. 76: "Dogs leap the hatch."

177. *A landless knight.* Not the king ("John *Sans-terre*" or "Lackland," as he was called), but Philip.

180. *Good fortune come to thee*, etc. The *thee* is emphatic. He intimates that he himself does not need the good wish, as, according to the proverb, "bastards are born lucky."

182. *A foot.* A step, *un pas* (Johnson).

184. *Joan.* A peasant girl. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 207 : "Some men must love my lady and some Joan;" *Id.* v. 2. 930 : "While greasy Joan doth keel the pot," etc.

185. *Good den.* Good evening. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 57, ii. 4. 116, etc. The full form of the salutation was "God give you good even;" sometimes "Godgigoden" or "Godigoden" in the early eds. "Faulconbridge is now entertaining himself with ideas of greatness, suggested by his recent knighthood. *Good den, Sir Richard* he supposes to be the salutation of a vassal; *God-a-mercy, fellow*, his own supercilious reply to it" (Steevens). *God-a-mercy* = God have mercy. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 3. 154, *Ham.* iv. 5, 199, etc.

188. *Respective.* Regardful, or considerate. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 156 : "You should have been respective, and have kept it;" *R. and J.* iii. 1. 128 : "Away to heaven, respective lenity," etc.

189. *Conversion.* Change for the better; as in *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 137. S. uses the noun only twice.

Your traveller. "It is said in *A. W.* [ii. 5. 30] that 'a *traveller* is a good thing after dinner.' In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller" (Johnson).

190. *Toothpick.* The use of a toothpick was considered a foreign affectation in the time of S. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 2. 8 and *W. T.* iv. 4. 780. For *mess* = dinner table or company at dinner, see *W. T.* i. 2. 227, *Ham.* v. 2. 89, etc.

191. *Suffic'd.* Satisfied; as in *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 131 :—

> "till he be first suffic'd,
> Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
> I will not touch a bit."

192. *I suck my teeth.* Not using a toothpick, like the traveller.

193. *Picked.* Refined. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 14: "He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it." *My picked man of countries* = "my travelled fop."

196. *Absey book.* ABC book, or primer, which often included a catechism, like the old *New England Primer.* Halliwell-Phillipps quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.:* "*Abecé*, an abcee, the crosse-row, an alphabet."

201. *Compliment.* Tollet cites Sir W. Cornwallis's *Essays*, 1601, in which the extravagance of compliment in that day is thus ridiculed: "We spend even at his [a friend's or stranger's] entrance a whole volume of words. What a deal of synamon and ginger is sacrificed to dissimulation! 'O, how blessed do I take mine eyes for presenting me with this sight! O Signior, the star that governs my life in contentment, give me leave to interre myself in your arms! — Not so, sir, it is too unworthy an inclosure to contain such preciousness,' etc. This, and a cup of drink, makes the time as fit for a departure as can be."

203. *The Pyrenean.* The Pyrenees; mentioned by S. only here.

207. *For he is but a bastard*, etc. "He is accounted but a mean man, in the present age, who does not show, by his dress, his deportment, and his talk, that he has travelled, and made observations in foreign countries" (Malone).

208. *Observation.* "Courtly deference" (Herford); not = "knowledge gained by observation," as Schmidt defines it. The word here is metrically five syllables.

210. *Device.* Cut of dress.

212. *Motion.* Impulse; as in iv. 2. 255 below: "The dreadful motion of a murtherous thought," etc.

214. *Which.* Referring to *to deliver sweet poison.*

216. *Strew the footsteps*, etc. Make the path smoother. Cf. *A. and C.* 1. 3. 101: —

"and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!"

219. *To blow a horn.* "He means that a woman who travelled about like a *post* was likely to *horn* her husband" (Johnson). Cf. what the Bastard says to Austria in ii. 1. 292 below.

220. *Gurney.* S. may have got this name from Holinshed, who, in his history of King John, mentions a Hugh Gourney (Malone). Nothing is known historically concerning him.

225. *Colbrand.* A Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan (Johnson). Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 22: "I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand," etc.

227. *Unreverend.* Used by S. interchangeably with *unreverent*, and = irreverent, disrespectful. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 6. 14: "Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad," etc. *Irreverent* does not occur in S.

228. *Scorn'st thou at.* Scoffest thou at. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 102: "one that scorn'd at me," etc.

230. *Give us leave awhile.* Leave us alone; a courteous expression of the time.

231. *Good leave, good Philip.* Coleridge, in one of his Table-Talks, said: "For an instance of Shakespeare's power *in minimis*, I generally quote James Gurney's character in *King John*. How individual and comical he is with the four words allowed to his dramatic life!" Clarke adds: "They certainly suffice to show us the free-and-easy style of the confidential servitor; one intrusted with the family secrets of this country household; one accustomed to treat the eldest son, but not the heir, with a coolly easy familiarity tolerated by the good-humoured young man, and only lightly waved aside by the new-made knight."

Sparrow! The sparrow was called *Philip* from its note. Holt White quotes Lyly, *Mother Bombie*: —

"cry
Phip, phip the sparrowes as they fly."

From the note of the bird, Catullus in his *Elegy on Lesbia's Sparrow*, has formed a verb: "Ad solam dominam usque *pipilabat*." Cf. Gascoigne's *Praise of Philip Sparrow*: —

> "Of all the byrds that I doo know,
> Philip my sparrow hath no peere.
> * * * * *
> Let other prayse what byrd they will,
> Sweete Philip shall be my byrd still."

Sir Richard sportively rebukes Gurney for calling him by his former name, "*Philip!* do you take me for a *sparrow?*"

232. *There's toys abroad.* "Certain trifling changes have come to pass" (Singer). For *toy* = trifle, cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 77, *T. of S.* iv. 3. 67, *Macb.* ii. 3. 99, etc.

234. *Sir Robert might have eat*, etc. Steevens quotes Heywood, *Dialogues upon Proverbs*, 1562: —

> "he may his parte on good Fridaie eate,
> And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geate."

236. *To confess.* To be honest, to tell the truth.

239. *Beholding.* Beholden, indebted; as often. S. does not use *beholden*.

240. *Holp.* Helped; the form regularly used by S. except in *Rich. III.* v. 3. 167 and *Oth.* ii. 1. 138, where we find *helped*. It is also the more common form for the participle, being used ten times, while *helped* occurs only four times. *Holpen* is found in *Psalms*, lxxxiii. 8, *Daniel*, xi. 34. *Luke*, i. 54, etc.

243. *Untoward.* Unmannerly; as in the only other instance of the word in S., *T. of S.* iv. 5. 79: "Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward."

244. *Basilisco-like.* An allusion to *Soliman and Perseda*, a stupid play printed in 1599: —

> "*Basilisco.* O, I swear, I swear.
> *Piston.* By the contents of this blade, —
> *Basilisco.* By the contents of this blade, —

Piston. I, the aforesaid Basilisco, —
Basilisco. I, the aforesaid Basilisco, — knight,
Good fellow, knight.
Piston. Knave, good fellow, knave, knave."

The Bastard, *Basilisco-like*, insists on being called *knight* instead of *knave*.

250. *Proper.* Comely, handsome; as in *M. of V.* i. 2. 77: "a proper man's picture," etc. Cf. *Hebrews*, xi. 23.

Who was it, mother? "No one like Shakespeare for setting straight before the imagination the very look, gesture, and tone with which a few simple words could be uttered. By the way in which he has written these two lines, introducing this little sentence at the close, we see the son's hugging arm thrown round her, the close drawing her to him, the manly wooing voice by which he accompanies the coaxing question" (Clarke).

256. *Dear.* Grievous. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 181: "your dear offences; *Rich. III.* i. 4. 215: —

"How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?"

260. *Some sins*, etc. "There are *sins* that, whatever be determined of them above, are not much censured *on earth*" (Johnson).

262. *Dispose.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 86: "All that is mine I leave at thy dispose" (see also *Id.* iv. 1. 76). For *dispose* = disposition, temper, cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 403: "a smooth dispose."

265. *Aweless.* Fearless. Fleay makes it = "unruled, lawless," comparing the use of *awe* in *Nobody and Somebody*: "Subjects unto the awe of Elidun."

266. *Nor keep*, etc. The allusion is to the old legend that Richard derived his name of *Cœur-de-lion* from having torn out the heart of a lion to which he had been exposed by the Duke of Austria in revenge for having killed his son. A metrical form of the story may be found in Percy's *Reliques*.

267. *Perforce.* By force; as often.

272. *My kin.* The king and the dowager queen. Cf. 168 above.

QUEEN ELINOR

ACT II

SCENE I. — In the folio this scene is headed "*Scæna Secunda;*" and the next (iii. 1), "*Actus Secundus.*" The latter ends with iii. 1. 74, making the act consist of only 74 lines; and "*Actus Tertius, Scæna prima*" then begins, continuing to end of iii. 1. "*Scæna Secunda*" includes iii. 2 and iii. 3, and "*Scæna Tertia*" is iii. 4. The divisions of the last two acts are the same as in the modern eds. Fleay makes the first 299 lines of this scene a second scene of act i., taking the remainder as ii. 1; and he divides iii. 1 into ii. 2 (74 lines) and iii. 1. White also makes this division of iii. 1, and gives good reasons for it; but for convenience in cross references I follow the arrangement (first made by Theobald) in the "Globe" ed. and most of the modern eds.

Constance, who appears first in this scene, was the daughter of Conan le Petit, Duke of Brittany, and his wife Margaret, daughter of Henry Earl of Huntingdon. She married first Geoffrey, son of

Henry II., who was killed by accident about three years afterward. Arthur was born after his father's death. Constance was soon married forcibly to Randal de Blondeville, Earl of Chester, a brutal tyrant from whom she divorced herself in 1199, and later married Guy, Count of Thouars. She died suddenly in 1201, a few months after Arthur was taken prisoner. For fuller information concerning her history, see Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women*.

1. *Before Angiers*, etc. The folio gives this speech, and the one in 18 below, to "*Lewis*," but it clearly belongs to King Philip, as Dyce, Clarke, and others assign it. The expression "At *our* importance" in 7 is alone sufficient to show that it belongs to the king, who would also be more likely to refer to Arthur as "noble *boy*" than would Lewis, who was of about the same age. As Mr. Williams has remarked, those who adhere to the folio, which is often inaccurate in its prefixes (see, for instance, on 368 below), forget that S. has crowded into this drama the events of several years. "In the later acts Lewis plays a conspicuous part, and heads the invasion of England; but at the period in question he was a mere youth, and was evidently so considered by the dramatist." Cf. 495 below, where the king addresses him as "boy," and 521, where he and Blanch are called "young ones." It is hardly probable that this "beardless boy," as the Bastard afterwards calls him (v. 1. 69), would be the first to welcome the Duke of Austria here, and that in the presence of his royal father. As a rule, S. "makes his monarchs and great personages open and conclude the dialogue whenever they appear." It may be added that in the old play the corresponding speech is given to King Philip.

Fleay believes that the first 200 lines of this scene (with iii. 2. 1–10) were "inserted hurriedly after the rest of the play had been written," and after the death of the poet's son, Hamnet, in 1596; and that the blunders in names "are to be attributed to the confusion caused by grief in Shakespeare's mind."

The introduction of *Austria* here is an anachronism, as Leopold, Duke of Austria, by whom Richard I. had been thrown into prison

in 1193, died in 1195, while the action of this play begins in 1199 (Malone). Cf. the old play (i. 2. 4) : —

> " Brave Austria, cause of Cordelion's death,
> Is also come to aid thee in thy wars."

7. *Importance.* Importunity; as in *T. N.* v. 1. 371. So *important* = importunate in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 74, *A. W.* iii. 7. 21, and *Lear*, iv. 4. 26.

12. *God shall forgive you*, etc. " S. has made Arthur of younger age at this period than historical truth warrants; but he well knew that the truth of tragic story would be more perfectly fulfilled by having a child the subject of injury here. The way in which he has drawn the innocent boy throughout is intensely pathetic — a sweet and gentle nature hurled to and fro like a flower amid tempests; bruised, wounded, and finally crushed by the stormy passions and ruthless ambitions of the merciless natures around him. That the dramatist has nowise violated natural and characteristic truth, by making the little prince speak with a grace and propriety beyond those generally belonging to children of his age, we have confirmatory evidence in a record made by Froissart in his *Chronicles*, where he describes the conduct of the Princess of France, then 'a yonge childe of eyght yere of age' " (Clarke).

20. *Indenture.* Contract. Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 119, 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 53, iii. 1. 80, etc.

23. *Pale* and *white-fac'd* refer of course to the chalk cliffs of the southern coast of England.

26. *With.* By; as often. On the passage, cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 46 fol.

34. *A more requital.* A greater return. Cf. *V. and A.* 78 : " a more delight; " *R. of L.* 332 : " a more rejoicing; " *C. of E.* ii. 2. 174 : " a more contempt," etc.

37. *Well then*, etc. The first speech given to King Philip in the folio; but the form of expression rather implies that he has spoken before. See on 1 above.

39. *Chiefest.* A superlative often used by S. See *M. of V.* ii. 8. 43, *Macb.* iii. 5. 33, *Ham.* i. 2. 117, etc.

40. *Plots of best advantages.* Most advantageous positions.

45. *Unadvis'd.* Inconsiderate, rash. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 2. 118: "It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden," etc. See also 191 and v. 2. 132 below.

49. *Indirectly.* Wrongfully; as in *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 94: "Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held," etc. So *indirection* = wrong, in iii. 1. 276 below, and in *J. C.* iv. 3. 75.

50. *A wonder.* "The wonder is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Constance mentioned him; which the French king, according to a superstition which prevails more or less in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good" (Johnson).

53. *We coldly pause for thee.* That is, we restrain ourself, and calmly wait to hear thy message.

58. *Stay'd.* Waited for. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 259: "Stay the time," etc.

59. *All as soon.* A common "intensive" use of *all.*

60. *Expedient.* Expeditious, rapid; used by S. in this sense only in plays before 1596. Cf. 223 and iv. 2. 268 below.

63. *Ate.* The goddess of discord. Cf. *Much Ado,* ii. 1. 263, *J. C.* iii. 1. 271, etc.

64. *Blanch.* Daughter of Alphonso VIII. of Castile and Eleanor, sister of K. John. From her are descended the royal houses of Valois, Bourbon, and Orleans. Her granddaughter, Isabel, married Edward II. and was the mother of Edward III.

65. *King's.* The later folios have "king." The old play has "Next t' them, a bastard of the king's deceast."

66. *Unsettled humours.* Restless spirits.

67. *Voluntaries.* Volunteers. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 1. 106: "Ajax was here the voluntary."

68. *Fierce dragons' spleens.* Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 350: "Inspire

us with the spleen of fiery dragons!" *Spleen* = impetuosity, ardour; as often.

69. *Have sold their fortunes*, etc. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 83: —

> "O, many
> Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
> For this great journey."

73. *Bottoms.* Ships. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 42 and *T. N.* v. 1. 60. *Waft* = wafted; as in *M. of V.* v. 1. 11. Cf. *heat* = heated, in iv. 1. 61 below. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes *The affectionate Shepheard*, 1594: —

> "And from Deaths quiver fell a fatall shaft,
> That under Cupid by the wind was waft."

75. *Scath.* Harm, mischief. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 317, etc. Spenser uses the noun often; as in *F. Q.* i. 12. 34: "To worke new woe and improvided scath," etc. The verb occurs in *R. and J.* i. 5. 86.

77. *More circumstance.* Further particulars. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 5. 36: "I 'll stay the circumstance."

85. *Lineal.* By lineal or hereditary right.

87. *Whiles.* See on iii. 4. 132 below.

95. *Underwrought.* Undermined; used by S. nowhere else.

97. *Out-faced infant state.* "Brazenly outraged a child's right" (Clarke); that is, his right to the throne. For *out-faced*, cf. v. 1. 49 below.

101. *This little abstract*, etc. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 97: —

> "Behold, my lords,
> Although the print be little, the whole matter
> And copy of the father," etc.

103. *Brief.* Equivalent to *abstract* above. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 146, *M. N. D.* v. 1. 42, etc.

106. *This is Geffrey's.* This is Geffrey's heir. Clarke makes *this is Geffrey's* = this boy's (that is, his right) is Geffrey's.

109. *Owe.* Own, are entitled to. Cf. 248 and iv. 2. 99 below. *O'ermasterest* = hast become master of, hast got by force.

111. *To draw my answer*, etc. "To make me answer according to thy articles" (Schmidt); "to draw up my replication out of the clauses of your own brief" (Fleay). It is legal phraseology.

113. *Breast.* The 1st folio has "beast;" corrected in 2d folio,

119. *Excuse.* Schmidt is probably right in making this a noun. It seems to be elliptical = my excuse is. Cf. *reason* in *W. T.* iv. 4. 417: "Reason my son Should choose himself a wife," etc. Fleay explains it "pardon me."

123. *Check.* "Treat as a bondman" (Schmidt); or perhaps alluding to chess (Herford). Cf. *J. C.* iii. 4. 97: "check'd like a bondman;" and 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 166:—

> "to command, to check, to o'erbear such
> As are of better person than myself."

Malone quotes Holinshed: "Surely Queen Eleanor, the kyngs mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envye conceyved against his mother, than upon any just occasion, given in the behalfe of the childe; for that she saw, if he were king, how his mother Constance would looke to beare the most rule within the realme of Englande, till her sonne should come to a lawfull age to governe of himselfe. So hard a thing it is, to bring women to agree in one minde, their natures commonly being so contrary."

127. *Than thou*, etc. The folio reads "Then thou and *Iohn.* in manners being as like," etc.; and Fleay prefers that pointing.

128. *Dam.* Here used contemptuously; but not always so. See *W. T.* iii. 2. 199: "his gracious dam."

131. *If thou wert his mother.* "Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Louis VII., when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards (1151) married our king Henry II." (Malone). Traditions of her adultery are reported by Fabyan and Stow, but Holinshed makes no such charge.

134. *Hear the crier!* A sarcastic allusion to the crier's proclamation of silence in courts of justice, suggested by Austria's *Peace!*

136. *An a' may catch you*, etc. It is said that Austria wore a lion's hide which he had taken as a spoil from Richard when he killed him (Pope). As Johnson adds, S. assumed that this story would be familiar to his audience, and therefore does not refer to it in the play as the ground of the Bastard's hostility to Austria.

137. *The proverb.* "Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant" (Erasmus, *Adagia*, quoted by Malone). Steevens cites *The Spanish Tragedy:* "So hares may pull dead lions by the beard."

139. *I'll smoke your skin-coat.* Cf. Cotgrave: "*J'en auray*, — blowes being understood — I shall be well beaten; my skin-coat will be soundly curried." In the north of England *smoke* is a provincialism = "to beat severely."

141. *O, well*, etc. Clarke is inclined to assign this speech to Constance rather than Blanch, "who seems intended by the dramatist to take no part in what is going forward until there is question of her marriage with the Dauphin, and she is addressed by him;" but S. follows the old play, in which Blanch says: —

> "Joy tide his soul, to whom that spoil belong'd:
> Ah, Richard, how thy glory here is wrong'd!"

144. *As great Alcides' shows*, etc. The folio reads "As great *Alcides* shooes vpon an Asse;" and "shoes" was defended by Malone and Steevens, who cited sundry passages referring to the shoes of Hercules on feet too small for them. Fleay also retains "shoes," but changes *ass* to "ape." The emendation in the text is due to Theobald, and is adopted by most of the recent editors.

147. *Cracker.* A play upon the various meanings of the word, including that of boaster. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes *Nomenclator*, 1585: "*Grand menteur ou vanteur*, a bragger; a boster; a vaunter; a craker; a vaine praiser of his owne virtue." Cf. the modern vulgarism, "cracking himself up."

149. *King Philip, determine*, etc. The folio reads: —

> "King *Lewis*, determine what we shall doe strait.
> *Lew.* Women & fooles," etc.

The emendation in the text was made by Theobald. Capell's reading, adopted by many of the editors, is

> "*King Philip.* Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.
> *Lewis.* Women and fools," etc.

The objection to this is implied in the note on 1 above. The king would not be likely to refer the matter to a mere "boy" for decision. For Austria's form of address, cf. iii. 1. 198: "King Philip, listen to the cardinal;" and again in 219: "Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt." As Clarke remarks, the reply of John, "I do defy thee *France*," appears conclusively to settle the point that we ought to assign the present speech to King Philip.

160. *It.* This old possessive *it* (or *yt*) is found fourteen times in the 1st folio, and it is curious that in seven of these it is in the combination *it own*. It is to be noted also that in the only instance in which *its* appears in the Bible (*Leviticus*, xxv. 5), the ed. of 1611 has "it owne;" and in the Geneva version of 1557 we find "it owne accorde" in *Acts*, xii. 10. So in Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, 1605: —

> "Much like a Candle fed with it owne humour,
> By little and little it owne selfes consumer."

These and similar instances would seem to show that the old possessive *it* was often retained in this expression after it had gone out of general use; and they justify us in assuming that *it own* is what S. probably wrote here. *Its own* (or *it's own*), of which we have a solitary instance in *W. T.* i. 2. 266, may be the printer's variation from the MS.; though it is not improbable that the poet may have written it so. It is evident from the number of times that *its* occurs in that play and in *Temp.*, written about the same time (seven out of the ten instances of *its* in the folio are in those two plays), that he was getting into the way of using the new pronoun, and he

might write *its own* intentionally in one passage and *it own* inadvertently or from force of habit in another. In the present passage it is apparently used in imitation of the language of children, or the "baby-talk" of mothers to their children.

165. *Coil.* Ado, disturbance. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 100, v. 2. 83, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 339, etc.

169. *Pearls.* S. is fond of comparing tears to *pearls*. Cf. *V. and A.* 980, *R. of L.* 1213, 1553, *Sonn.* 34. 13, *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 224, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 322, and *Lear*, iv. 3. 24.

171. *Beads.* Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 284: "those beads of sorrow." Fleay sees a play on beads of a rosary.

177. *Ela'st.* This harsh contraction of superlatives is common in S. It is rarely, if ever, required by the metre; but it seems to have been a fashion of the time.

178. *Infortunate.* Used by S. occasionally instead of *unfortunate;* as *incertain*, *ingrateful*, *insociable*, etc.

180. *The canon of the law.* See *Exodus*, xx. 5.

181. *Generation.* Metrically five syllables. See on i. 1. 208 above, and cf. 197 below.

183. *Bedlam.* Lunatic; from Bedlam (or *Bethlehem*) Hospital in London; but, as instances of the word are found earlier than the foundation of that hospital in 1547, this etymology has been doubted. It is certain, however, that the ancient priory of Bethlehem was an asylum for lunatics as early as 1402, though it did not become a royal foundation until the time of Henry VIII. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 7. 103: "get the Bedlam To lead him," etc.

184. *That he is not only plagued*, etc. Another Chinese puzzle for the critics (see on i. 1. 139 above). The folio gives the passage thus: —

> "*Con.* I haue but this to say,
> That he is not onely plagued for her sin,
> But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague
> On this remoued issue, plagued for her,
> And with her plague her sinne: his iniury

Her iniurie the Beadle to her sinne,
All punish'd in the person of this childe,
And all for her, a plague vpon her."

The pointing in the text (adopted by Knight, the Cambridge editors and others) seems the best that has been suggested. The passage is then explained thus : "God hath made her sin and herself to be a plague to this distant child, who is punished for her and with the punishment belonging to her ; God has made her sin to be an injury to Arthur, and her injurious deeds to be the executioner to punish her sin ; all which (namely, her first sin and her now injurious deeds) are punished in the person of this child."

Singer points the lines thus : —

"But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue ; — plagu'd for her,
And with her plagu'd ; her sin, his injury ;
Her injury, the beadle to her sin : " etc.,

which he explains as follows: "Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering *from* the guilt of his grandmother, but also by *her* in person, she being made the very instrument of his sufferings. So that he is *plagued on her account*, and plagued with her, that is, by her. *Her* sin brings upon him *his* injury, or the evil *he* suffers ; and *her* injury, or the evil *she* inflicts, is as the beadle to her sin, or executioner of the punishment annexed to it."

The only other reading and interpretation worth mentioning is that of Fleay, who gives

"But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue ; plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin : his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin : " etc.

His explanation is : "Plagued on her account, and by means of her wrong-doing, which is a plague inflicted by her (cf. *her sin, the plague*, in line 185) ; the injury inflicted on him, the injury inflicted

by her, being the beadle, the chastiser (in Arthur's sufferings) of her original wrong-doing."

191. *Unadvised.* See on 45 above.

192. *Will.* There is a play upon the word.

194. *Canker'd.* Venomous, malignant; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 137: "ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke," etc.

196. *Cry aim.* Encourage; "an expression borrowed from archery = to encourage the archers by crying out *aim* when they were about to shoot, and then in a general sense to applaud, to encourage with cheers" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. W.* iii. 2. 45: "to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim." See also *Id.* ii. 3. 93.

197. *Ill-tuned repetitions.* Discordant recriminations. *Repetitions* is metrically equivalent to five syllables. See on 181 above; also on iv. 2. 125 below.

198. *Trumpet.* Trumpeter. See on i. 1. 27 above.

205. *Gentle parle.* Friendly parley. For *parle*, cf. 226 below.

206. *For our advantage.* On our behalf.

207. *Advanced.* Raised, lifted up; as often. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 408: "The fringed curtains of thine eye advance," etc.

209. *Endamagement.* Injury. S. uses the noun only here, but we find the verb *endamage* in *T. G. of V.* iii. 2, 43 and 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 77.

215. *Confronts your.* The 1st and 2d folios have "Comfort yours," the 3d and 4th "Comfort your;" corrected by Capell. *Winking* = shut hastily, in apprehension of danger.

217. *Doth.* The form may be explained by the proximity of *waist.* Cf. iii. 1. 295 below: "The peril of our curses light on thee."

218. *Ordinance.* Ordnance; as in *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 126. Elsewhere S. has *ordnance;* as in *T. of S.* i. 2. 204, *Hen. V.* iii. chor. 26, etc.

220. *Dishabited.* Dislodged; used by S. only here.

223. *Expedient.* See on 60 above.

228. *A shaking fever.* Cf. *Macb.* ii. 3. 66: —

"some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake."

See also *Cor.* i. 4. 61.

229. *Words folded up in smoke.* Malone compares *R. of L.* 1027: "This helpless smoke of words doth me no right." See also *Id.* 1042 and *L. L. L.* iii 1. 64.

230. *To make*, etc. That is, to deceive your ears, to delude you.

233. *Forwearied.* Wearied out, exhausted; used by S. only here. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1. 32: "Ye all forwearied be;" *Id.* i. 9. 13: "Forwearied with my sportes," etc.

236. *Protection.* A quadrisyllable. See on 181 and 197 above.

237. *Divinely.* "Religiously" (246 below), sacredly.

247. *Owe.* In the modern sense; but in the next line = owns, is entitled to, as in 109 above.

250. *Aspect.* The regular accent in S.

253. *Unvex'd retire.* Unmolested return. For the noun, cf. 326 and v. 5. 4 below.

256. *Spout.* Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 10: "let thy eyes spout blood," etc.

258. *Fondly pass.* Foolishly disregard or reject. *Proffer'd offer* has been suspected of corruption, and "love," "favour," "terms," etc., have been suggested in place of *offer;* but *proffer'd offer* may be a more emphatic *proffer* or *offer*, or a mere inadvertence of composition.

259. *Roundure.* Round or circle (Fr. *rondeur*). The folios have "rounder," which indicates the pronunciation. We have *rondure* in *Sonn.* 21. 8.

264. *In that behalf which.* That is, *in* which; a common ellipsis in relative clauses.

266. *Possession.* A quadrisyllable. See on 181 and 197 above, and cf. *ocean* in 340 below.

268. *For him*, etc. Cf. the old play: "to him will we remain firm subjects, and for him, and in his right, we hold our town."

278. *Bloods.* "Men of mettle" (Schmidt). Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 151: "the breed of noble bloods." See also 461 below.

281. *Compound.* Agree, decide; as in *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 80, iv. 6. 33, etc.

288. *Swing'd.* Whipped, conquered. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 88, iii. 1. 392, *M. for M.* v. 1. 130, etc. St. George and the Dragon was a common sign for inns and ale-houses, as it still is in England.

289. *Horse back.* As one word ("horsebacke") in the folio. See p. 134 above.

292. *I would set an ox-head,* etc. Steevens quotes the old play: —

> "But let the frolick Frenchman take no scorn,
> If Philip front him with an English horn."

On *monster,* cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 63: "A horned man 's a monster," etc. See also on i. 1. 219 above.

306. *Discolour'd.* The folio has "discoloured." See on i. 1. 4 above.

309. *Display'd.* Suggested by the *banners* (see 320 below), though referring in a way to *the French.*

314. *Malicious.* Malignant, destructive.

316. *Gilt.* Stained. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 2. 56: "I 'll gild the faces of the grooms," etc.

318. *Staff.* Lance; as in *Macb.* v. 3. 48, v. 7. 18, etc.

321. *Like a jolly troop of huntsmen,* etc. Hunters used to stain their hands with the blood of the deer as a badge of their success. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 204: —

> "Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart,
> Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
> Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe."

323. *Dying.* There is an obvious play upon the word. The pun was a common one. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes Heywood, *Epigrams,* 1562: "Dyers be ever dying, but never dead;" and Davies, *Scourge of Folly,* 1611: —

"Turbine the dyer stalkes before his dore,
Like Cæsar, that by dying oft did thrive;
And though the beggar be as proud as pore,
Yet (like the mortifide) he dyes to live."

325. *Might.* Could; as often. The folios give the speeches of this *Citizen* to "*Hub.*" (Hubert), a mistake probably due to the fact that both parts were taken by the same actor.

326. *Retire.* Retreat. See on 253 above.

328. *Censured.* Judged, determined. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 2. 16: "Censure me in your wisdom," etc. See also the noun = judgment, *Macb.* v. 4. 14, etc.

The *cannot* is not strictly consistent with the context. The meaning clearly is that the *equality* of the two armies is evident, or *both are alike;* the best judges cannot see any *variation* from the *equality.*

335. *Run.* The 1st folio has "rome," changed in the 2d to "runne." White prefers "roam," as agreeing better with the *peaceful progress.* He believes that S. had in mind the same stream that suggested the beautiful description in *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 25–32. Here, however, *roam* does not seem to fit the comparison so well as *run.* "The king would rather describe his right as *running on* in a *direct* than in an *irregular* course, such as would be implied in the word *roam*" (Steevens). Cf. also the very similar passage in v. 4. 53–57, where we have

"*calmly run on* in obedience
Even to our ocean, to our great King John."

336. *Vex'd.* Disturbed. Cf. *Lear,* iv. 4. 2: "the vex'd sea." See also *Temp.* i. 2. 229 and *R. and J.* i. 1. 198.

340. *Ocean.* A trisyllable; as in iv. 3. 132 below and *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 32. Cf. Milton, *Hymn on Nativ.* 66: "Whispering new joys to the mild ocean."

344. *Climate.* Here apparently = sky, heavens. For its use = country, region, see *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 130: "a Christian climate," etc.

354. *Mousing.* Tearing, as a cat does a mouse. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 274: "Well moused, lion!" Malone cites Dekker, *Wonderful Year*, 1603: "Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and mousing fat venison, the mad Greekes made bonfires of their houses."

355. *Differences.* Quarrels, dissensions. Cf. iii. 1. 238 below.

356. *Fronts.* Brows, faces. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 56: "the front of Jove," etc.

357. *Cry havoc!* The signal that no quarter was to be given. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 275:—

> "Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
> With modest warrant."

See also *J. C.* iii. 1. 273, *Ham.* v. 2. 375, etc.

358. *Potents.* Potentates, powers; the only instance of the noun in S.

367. *Lord of our presence.* "Master of our own identity or individuality" (Clarke). See on i. 1. 137 above.

368. *A greater power than we.* The reference may be to "the Lord of hosts, who has not yet decided the superiority of either army; and till it be undoubted the people of Angiers will not open their gates" (Tollet). If this be not the meaning, the *power* must be *our fears*. All the folios assign this speech to the French king.

371. *King'd of.* Ruled by. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 26: "so idly king'd." *Resolv'd* = set at rest. Cf. its use = dissolved, in v. 4. 25 below.

373. *Scroyles.* Scabby fellows (Fr. *escrouelles*); a term of great contempt. Taylor the Water-Poet speaks of a "hungry sawcy scroyle." Cf. Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, i. 1. "hang 'em, scroyles!" and *Poetaster*, iv. 3: "I cry thee mercy, my good scroyle, wast thou?"

376. *Industrious.* Capell conjectured "illustrious;" but, as Steevens remarks, the expression is = "your laborious *industry* of war."

378. *Mutines.* Mutineers, rebels. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 6: "the mutines in the bilboes." *Mutiner* occurs in *Cor.* i. 1. 254. Malone cites a *History of the Jews*, written in Hebrew by Joseph Ben Gorion, and translated into English by Peter Morwyn, 1575, which tells how three factions in Jerusalem, which had been engaged in "most cruel battailes" with one another, made peace, "intending to turne their cruelty upon the Romaines, confirming and ratifying the same atonement and purpose by swearing one to another," etc. S. had probably read this book, as the allusion is not in the old play.

383. *Soul-fearing.* Soul-affrighting. For *fear* = cause to fear, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 1. 9: —

> " I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
> Hath fear'd the valiant," etc.

Cf. *fearful* in iv. 2. 106 below.

385. *Jades.* The word meant originally a worthless or vicious horse. Cf. *V. and A.* 391, *J. C.* iv. 2. 26, etc. For the masculine use of the word as applied to persons, cf. *T. of S.* ii. 1. 202.

387. *Vulgar.* General, common to all.

392. *Minion.* Darling, favourite (Fr. *mignon*). Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 98: "Mars's hot minion," etc.

395. *States.* Princes, rulers. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 118: "this noble state" (retinue of princes); *Id.* iv. 5. 65: "you state of Greece," etc.

396. *The policy.* "That which you call policy" (Schmidt); or "the politic art, the art of Machiavel" (Fleay).

398. *Knit.* Join, unite; as in iii. 1. 226 below.

400. *Fight who shall.* Fight *to decide* who shall. As Abbott (*Grammar*, 382) remarks, "the Elizabethan writers objected to scarcely any ellipsis, provided the deficiency could be easily supplied from the context." *After* = afterwards; as in *Temp.* ii. 2. 10, etc.

401. *Mettle.* The early eds. make no distinction between *mettle*

and *metal*, using either for the literal or the metaphorical meaning. Thus, in *Rich. II.* i. 2. 23, the quartos have "mettall" or "mettal," the folios "mettle."

402. *Peevish.* Foolish; perhaps the only sense in S.

404. *Saucy.* Impudent, insolent; used by S. in a stronger sense than the modern one. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 12: "the world, too saucy with the gods," etc. See also *Macb.* iii. 4. 25, *J. C.* i. 3. 12, *Oth.* i. 1. 129, etc.

406. *Pell-mell.* Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 312: "let 's to 't pell-mell."

411. *Thunder.* Some editors read "thunders;" but the word may be used collectively = cannon.

412. *Drift.* Driving shower.

421. *Persever.* The regular spelling and accent in S. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 2. 36, 37, where it rhymes with *ever*.

424. *Niece.* The folios have "neere" or "near," which some retain and defend as = nearly related.

425. *Dauphin.* It is "Dolphin" in the folios, as elsewhere; and that spelling indicates the pronunciation of the time. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 107, where there is a play on the word and the name of the fish.

426. *Lusty.* "Full of animal life and spirits" (Schmidt); as in 255 above and 461 below.

428. *Zealous.* Explained by Johnson and Schmidt as = pious, religious; which is favoured by the antithesis.

431. *Bound.* Confine, enclose; as in 442 below.

434. *Complete of.* "That is, full of those qualities" (Schmidt); complete *thereof* or *therein*. Some editors read "complete, O say."

438. *A she.* The folios have "as she;" but the analogy of other passages in S. favours Thirlby's emendation, which has been generally adopted.

For the idea that woman was completed or perfected by marriage, cf. *T. N.* i. 1. 38 fol. and ii. 4. 42. See also Lord Berners's translation of Froissart: "my daughter should be happy if she

might come to so great a perfection as to be conjoined in marriage with the Earl of Guerles;" Overbury, *The Wife:*—

> "Marriage their object is; their being then,
> And now perfection, they receive from men;"

and Donne, *Epithalamium:*—

> "Weep not, nor blush, here is no grief nor shame;
> To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name."

446. *Battery.* Battering, assault.

447. *Match.* Johnson is "loath to think" that there is a play on the word. There may not be; but there is worse quibbling in S., particularly in the earlier plays.

448. *Spleen.* See on 68 above; and cf. iv. 3. 97 and v. 7. 50 below.

455. *Stay.* Check, obstacle; a word that has been a stumbling-block to the commentators. See a page and a half of discussion in the *Variorum* of 1821. Schmidt explains it as "the imperative of the verb used substantively." The Citizen has begun (416) by saying "vouchsafe awhile to *stay*." Some make *stay* = support, prop; and Clarke thinks there may be an indirect reference to that sense of the word: "That a *restraint* and a *support* should be personified sufficiently to be supposed capable of shaking 'the rotten carcass of old Death' is not beyond the license of poetry in figurative language." "Flaw," "say," "story," "storm," etc., have been suggested, but no change is necessary.

462. *He speaks plain cannon fire,* etc. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 156: "I speak to thee plain soldier." See also *Much Ado,* ii. 1. 255, 343, *Ham.* iii. 2. 414, etc. *Bounce* = "bang."

465. *Buffets.* Boxes; as in *Hen. V.* v. 2. 146: "if I might buffet for my love," etc.

466. *Zounds.* Like *'swounds* (*Ham.* ii. 2. 604, v. 1. 297), contracted from "God's wounds!"

468. *Conjunction.* Connection, union; as in iii. 1. 227 below. Capell marks 468–479 as "*Aside to John.*"

471. *Unsur'd.* "Unsure" (iii. 1. 283 below), unassured.

476. *Capable.* Susceptible. Cf. iii. 1. 12 below.

477. *Lest zeal,* etc. Steevens thought that *zeal* is compared to "*metal* in a state of fusion," not to dissolving ice, as Johnson had explained it. Malone paraphrases the passage thus: "Lest the now *zealous* and to you well-affected *heart* of Philip, which but lately was cold and hard as ice, and has *newly* been *melted and softened,* should by the breath of supplications of Constance, and pity for Arthur, again *become congealed* and frozen." Cf. iii. 4. 149 below: —

> "This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts
> Of all his people and freeze up their zeal."

White makes *pity and remorse* the subject of *cool and congeal.*

481. *Treaty.* Here = proposal tending to a *treaty* or agreement; as in *Cor.* ii. 2. 59 and *A. and C.* iii. 11. 62.

485. *This book of beauty.* For the metaphor, cf. *R. and J.* i. 3. 87: "This precious book of love, this unbound lover;" and see *Id.* iii. 2. 83, *Oth.* iv. 2. 71, etc. Malone compares *Macb.* i. 5. 63.

492. *Promotions.* A quadrisyllable. See on 266 above.

494. *Holds hand with.* Goes hand in hand with, equals.

498. *Shadow.* Reflection; as in *V. and A.* 162: —

> "Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
> And died to kiss his shadow in the brook."

See also *Id.* 1099, *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 293 (where there is a play upon *shadow,* as here), and *J. C.* i. 2. 58.

502. *Infixed.* Imprinted. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 47: "Where the impression of mine eye infixing," etc.

503. *Table.* Tablet, or that on which a picture is drawn or painted. Cf. *Sonn.* 24. 2: —

> "Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
> Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;"

and *A. W.* i. 1. 106: —

"to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table."

In the speech that follows, there is an allusion to the punishment of "drawing, hanging, and quartering." For similar quibbles, see *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 22, *M. for M.* ii. 1. 215, etc.

513. *Translate it to my will.* Cf. *M. W.* i. 3. 54 : "He hath studied her will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English." See also *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 19.

527. *Volquessen.* The old name of a part of Normandy (the Latin *Pagus Velocassinus*) more recently known as *Le Vexin*. Cf. the old play : —

"*Iohn.* First, Philip knows her dowry out of Spaine,
To be so great as to content a king:
But more to mend and amplify the same,
I give in money thirty thousand marks.
For land I leave it to thine own demand.
Phil. Then I demand Volquesson, Torain, Main,
Poiters, and Aniou, these five provinces,
Which thou, as King of England, hold'st in France."

530. *Marks.* The *mark* was worth 13 shillings 4 pence.

532. *Join hands.* That is, for the formal betrothal. See quotation in note on 534 below.

533. *Likes.* Pleases. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 276 : "This likes me well," etc.

534. *And your lips too.* This was also a part of the ceremony of betrothal. See *T. N.* v. 1. 159 : —

"A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings," etc.

535. *Assur'd.* Affianced. The repetition with a play on the word is quite in the poet's manner. Cf. 247, 248, and 498–500 above.

538. *Saint Mary's chapel.* This is said to be the so-called

Church of Ronceray, dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin in 1028 and re-dedicated in 1119 by Pope Calixtus II. It is now used as a chapel for the students of the School of Arts.

544. *Passionate.* Full of *passion* or sorrow. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 124; "Poor, forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus." *Passion* often = sorrow; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 118: "passion's solemn tears," etc.

550. *Vantage.* Advantage; as in *Sonn.* 88. 12, *Rich. II.* i. 3. 218, etc.

558. *Exclamation.* Outcry, vociferous opposition. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 88: "What man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?" See also *R. of L.* 705, *Rich. II.* iv. 4. 153, etc.

563. *Departed with.* Parted with. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 147: "Which we much rather had depart withal," etc. See also Jonson, *Every Man out of his Humour*, iv. 7: "Faith, sir, I can hardly depart with ready money;" *Two Noble Kinsmen*, ii. 1: "I may depart with little while I live," etc. *Depart* was also often = part, separate; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 6. 43: "life and death's departing." In the English Marriage Service "till death us do part" was originally "till death us depart;" as in an old play quoted by Nares: "Aye, till death us depart, love." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 10. 14: "Which Severne now from Logris doth depart."

566. *Rounded.* Whispered; as in *W. T.* i. 2. 217: "whispering, rounding," etc.

568. *Broker.* Go-between; as in 582 below. There is a play on the word in *breaks.*

573. *Commodity.* Self-interest. *Tickling* = flattering, cajoling.

574. *Bias.* An allusion to the game of bowls. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 5. 25:—

> "thus the bowl shall run,
> And not unluckily against the bias."

Henderson quotes *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607:—

> "Oh, the world is like a byas bowle, and it runs
> All on the rich men's sides."

The *eye* (583) was the hole in which the weight was put to give the bowl its *bias*.

575. *Peized.* Poised, balanced. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 22 : "to peize the time" (that is, to retard it, as if by hanging weights on it). In *Rich. III.* v. 3. 105, "peize me down" = weigh me down. *Who* = which ; as often.

579. *Take head from.* Take its own course away from. *Indifferency* = straightforwardness, impartiality. Schmidt makes it = "moderate measure ; " as in the only other instance of the word in S. (2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 23).

584. *Aid.* Changed by some to "aim ; " but *determined aid* may be = the aid that he had determined to give.

587. *Rail on.* S. uses *on* or *upon* with *rail* much oftener than *at* or *against*.

588. *But for because.* Only because. Cf. 591 just below.

589. *Clutch.* Close tightly. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 2. 50 : "putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched."

590. *Angels.* The gold coin so called. Its value was about ten shillings. On one side was a figure of Michael piercing the dragon.

Golden Angel of Queen Elizabeth

The device is said to have been suggested by Pope Gregory's pun on *Angli* and *Angeli*. For the quibble here, cf. *M. W.* i. 3. 60, *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 35, and 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 187.

591. *Unattempted.* Not tempted. So *attempt* = tempt; as in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 421: "I must attempt you further," etc.

593. *Whiles.* See on 87 above.

597. *Upon commodity.* That is, when it is for their interest.

PHILIP OF FRANCE

ACT III

SCENE I. — 5. *Be well advis'd.* Consider well what you say. Cf. *advised* = considerate, in iv. 2. 214 below.

12. *Capable of.* Susceptible of. Cf. ii. 1. 476 above.

14. *Subject.* Liable. Fleay takes it to be the participle, like *waft* in ii. 1. 73 above.

17. *Spirits.* Monosyllabic; as often. *Take a truce with* = make a truce with, pacify, or quiet; as in *R. and J.* iii. 1. 162, etc.

19. *Shaking of.* Cf. *J. C.* v. 3. 38: "saving of thy life," etc.

22. *Rheum.* Moisture; often, as here, applied to tears. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 2. 85, *Rich. II.* i. 4. 8, *Cor.* v. 6. 46, *Ham.* ii. 2. 529, etc. See also iv. 1. 33 and iv. 3. 108 below.

23. *Peering o'er.* "Overpeering" (*M. of V.* i. 1. 12, *Ham.* iv. 5. 99, etc.), rising above.

27. "The way in which Salisbury's character is drawn, refined in speech, gentle in manner, has fitness as well as beauty; he was son to King Henry II. by Rosamond Clifford, surnamed 'Fair Rosamond'" (Clarke).

33. *Which.* Who; or we may say that the relative refers in a way to both *fury* and *men.*

41. *As.* Cf. 296 below: "So heavy as thou shalt not," etc.

42. *Be content.* Be calm; as in *Rich. II.* v. 2. 82, etc.

Clarke remarks here: "The boy's artless appeals to his mother amidst her vehement indignation and passionate lamentation, a compound of maternal ambition and maternal love, should have sufficed to teach her heart the lesson so subtly inculcated by the poet, that ambitious projects indulged for the sake of a being beloved, until they merge affection in violence and absorbing purpose, gradually undermine love in the bosom of the one beloved. It is curious to observe how little of tenderness there is in Arthur towards his mother, as response to all the passionate (but vehemently and even violently passionate) love she lavishes upon him." It is doubtful, however, whether the passage will justify this inference that Arthur was lacking in love for his mother. As Marshall remarks, he "was naturally alarmed at her vehemence, and gently and respectfully seeks to calm her agitation."

45. *Sightless.* Unsightly. It means invisible in *Macb.* i. 5. 50 and i. 7. 23. On *blots*, cf. *R. of L.* 537: "birth-hour's blot."

46. *Swart.* Swarthy, dark; as in *C. of E.* iii. 2. 104 and

1 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 84. Cf. *swart-complexioned* in *Sonn.* 28. 11. *Prodigious* = monstrous, unnatural. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 2. 22: —

> "If ever he have child, abortive be it,
> Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
> Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
> May fright the hopeful mother at the view," etc.

Cf. *prodigiously* in 91 below.

56. *Adulterates.* Commits adultery; the only instance of the verb in S. Cf. the adjective in *Ham.* i. 5. 42, etc.

65. *Underbear.* Bear, endure; as in *Rich. II.* i. 4. 29: "And patient underbearing of his fortune."

69. *Stoop.* That is, stoop to grief (Malone). "Feeling herself bowed down by grief, sinking beneath the load of her sorrows and injuries, she may well say that she will teach them to be proud, to resist the pride of *grief* which makes her *stoop* to its overpowering weight. She feels herself physically giving way under the load of the burden laid upon her; and with her rich imagination converts the earth to which she is compelled to *stoop* into a *supporter* and *throne*" (Clarke).

70. *State.* Royal state or dignity; not mere condition.

73. *Sorrows.* Changed by Pope to "sorrow." Jackson would take the poetry out of the passage by reading "in sorrow."

78. *Plays the alchemist*, etc. Cf. *Sonn.* 33. 1: —

> "Full many a glorious morning have I seen,
> Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
> Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
> Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

Steevens remarks that Milton has borrowed the image in *P. L.* iii. 609: "The arch-chemic sun," etc.

86. *High tides.* Great days, "high festivals" (1 *Hen. VI.* i. 6. 26).

87. *Nay, rather*, etc. Alluding to *Job*, iii. 3 and v. 6 (Upton).

92. *But.* Except. *Wrack* is the only spelling in the early eds.

It rhymes with *back* in *R. of L.* 841, 966, *Sonn.* 126. 5, and *Macb.* v. 5. 51; and with *alack* in *Per.* iv. prol. 12.

99. *Counterfeit.* The word meant a portrait (see *M. of V.* iii. 2. 115: "Fair Portia's counterfeit," etc.) as well as a false coin; and perhaps the two senses are blended here.

100. *Touch'd and tried.* Alluding to the use of the *touchstone* in testing counterfeit coin. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 2. 8, *T. of A.* iii. 3. 6, iv. 3. 390, etc.

103. *In arms.* In embraces. There is a play on *in arms* in the preceding line.

105. *Painted.* Feigned, simulated.

107. *Arm, arm*, etc. "This grandly wild appeal of an outraged mother has its sublime parallel in that of the outraged father, Lear; where he invokes the heavens to make his cause their own, because themselves are old" (Clarke).

110. *Sunset.* Fleay reads "sun set," on the ground that S. accents *sunset* on the first syllable. In 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 116, it is *sunsét*, but that is "counted out" as not by S. The only other passages in which the noun occurs are *Sonn.* 73. 6 and *R. and J.* iii. 5. 127.

114. *O Lymoges! O Austria!* S. follows the old play in making one personage out of two enemies of Cœur-de-lion. "Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison in a former expedition [in 1193]; but the castle of Chaluz, before which he fell [in 1199], belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Lymoges; and the archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon" (Steevens).

119. *Humorous.* Capricious. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 8: "her humorous ladyship" (Fortune), etc.

121. *Sooth'st up.* Flatterest. Cf. *Cor.* i. 9. 44: "Made all of false-fac'd soothing," etc.

122. *Ramping.* Rampant. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 153: "a ramping cat;" and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 13: "a ramping lion."

123. *Party.* See on i. 1. 34 above.

127. *Fall over.* Go over, desert.

129. *A calf's skin.* It is said that the domestic fools used to wear calf-skin, but here the meaning probably is that a *calf-skin* would suit his *recreant limbs* better than a *lion's* (Ritson).

130. *Should.* Would; as not unfrequently.

135. *Pandulph.* At this time he was only an envoy, not *legate*, of the pope. According to Holinshed, he was made bishop of Norwich in 1219, but this is not mentioned by other authorities.

141. *Against.* The only instance of *spurn against* in S. Schmidt compares *Acts*, ix. 5: "kick against the pricks." We find *spurn at* in *V. and A.* 311, *C. of E.* ii. 2. 136, and *Ham.* iv. 5. 6; and *spurn upon* in *Rich. III.* i. 2. 42.

142. *Force perforce.* An emphatic form of *perforce* = by force or violence; used also in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 116 and 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 258. In 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 46, it is = of necessity.

145. *Foresaid.* Not "'foresaid," as often printed.

147. *Earthly.* The folio has "earthie," which is probably a misprint for "earthlie," as most of the modern editors consider it. The folio has "earthy" in the same sense in *Rich. II.* i. 3. 69, but the quartos have "earthly." The Cambridge ed. and Fleay retain "earthy" here.

Interrogatories. Questions asked on oath; as in *M. of V.* v. 1. 298, 300, and *A. W.* iv. 3. 207. S. uses the word only in these passages and *Cymb.* v. 5. 392. The folio has "intérgatories" in all but the last, and most modern eds. give "inter'gatories" there.

151. *The pope.* That is, the pope's, or that of the pope.

154. *Toll.* Take toll, levy a tax. In *A. W.* v. 3. 149, it means to *pay* toll.

169. *Revenue.* Accented on the second syllable. See p. 134 above.

173. *Excommunicate.* For the form, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 72: "These things indeed you have articulate," etc.

177. *Canonized.* The accent on the second syllable, as elsewhere in S. Cf. iii. 4. 52 below.

180. *Room with Rome.* This shows that *Rome* was pronounced like *room*. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 156: "Now is it Rome indeed and room enough," etc. In *R. of L.* 715, it rhymes to *doom*, and in *Id.* 1644 to *groom*. But it would seem to have had sometimes the modern pronunciation. Cf. 1. *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 51: —

> " *Winchester.* Rome shall remedy this.
> *Warwick.* Roam thither, then."

201. *Your breeches*, etc. Steevens remarks: "Perhaps there is something proverbial in this sarcasm. Cf. the old play of *King Leir*, 1605: —

> 'Well I have a payre of slops for the nonce,
> Will hold all your mocks.'"

For *slops* = breeches, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 36: "a German from the waist downward, all slops." See also 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 34 and *R. and J.* ii. 4. 47.

204. *Bethink you.* Consider, reflect; as in *M. for M.* ii. 2. 87, 144, etc.

209. *Untrimmed.* The reading of the folio, which Schmidt makes = "divested of her wedding-gown." It probably refers to her sudden and unexpected nuptials and the haste in which they were performed. Dyce suggested "uptrimmed," comparing *R. and J.* iv. 4. 24: "Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;" but in this case, as White remarks, "there was no time to trim Blanch up." He adds: "The obvious allusion, too, to the temptation of Saint Anthony makes it clear that the old text is correct. It is of course not intimated that Blanch was then and there in a condition approaching that in which the temptress of Saint Anthony is generally supposed to have won the victory for the Devil. Constance's epithet has at once a slight taint of womanish spite and a forward look for Lewis." Some see in *untrimmed* an allusion to the fact that brides used to go to church with their hair dishevelled. Cf. Spenser, *Prothalamion*, 22: —

"locks, all loose untyde,
As each had beene a Bryde;"

and Webster, *White Devil*: —

"Let them dangle loose
As a bride's hair."

Fleay cites *Tancred and Gismunda*, v. 2: —

"So let thy tresses, flaring in the wind
Untrimmed hang about thy bared neck;"

and *Id.* v. 3: "O let me dress up those untrimmed locks." For *trimmed* = "smartly dressed," see *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 166 and 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 24. Here *untrimmed* is confirmed by ii. 1. 560 above.

212. *Faith.* Your pledged faith to me.

225. *Bestow yourself.* Behave yourself, conduct yourself, act. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 87: —

"How and which way I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye."

See also *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 87.

233. *But new before.* Only just before it.

235. *To clap this royal bargain up.* Cf. *T. of S.* ii. 1. 327: "Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?" The allusion is to *clapping hands*, or joining hands, in token of mutual pledge of faith. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 133: "And so clap hands, and a bargain." The expression is particularly associated with the ancient betrothal. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 104: "clap thyself my love," etc.

238. *Difference.* See on ii. 1. 355 above.

240. *In both.* That is, in both their bloody hostility and their new love.

241. *Regreet.* Greeting, salutation; as in *M. of V.* ii. 9. 89: "sensible regreets." For the verb, see *Rich. II.* i. 3. 67, 142, 186.

242. *Fast and loose.* A cheating game of gypsies and other vagrants. It is thus described by Sir J. Hawkins: "A leathern belt

is made up into a number of intricate folds and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to represent the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away." Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 12. 28: —

> "Like a right gypsy, hath, at fast and loose,
> Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss."

See also *L. L. L.* i. 2. 162 and iii. 1. 104; and Drayton, *Mooncalf:* —

> "He like a gypsy oftentimes would go;
> All kinds of gibberish he hath learn'd to know,
> And with a stick, a short string, and a noose,
> Would show the people tricks at fast and loose."

243. *Unconstant.* Inconstant, fickle; as in *T. of S.* iv. 2. 14 and *Lear*, i. 1. 304. S. more commonly uses *inconstant;* as in *R. and J.* i. 4. 100, ii. 2. 109, iv. 1. 119, etc. See on *infortunate*, ii. 1. 178 above.

254. *Opposite.* Opposed, antagonistic.

259. *Chafed.* Theobald's correction of the "cased" of the folios. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 206: "the chafed lion;" *T. of S.* i. 2. 203: "an angry boar chafed with sweat," etc.

267. *Champion of our church.* Referring to the official title of the French kings, "eldest son of the church" (Herford).

271. *Is not amiss*, etc. "Most," "yet," "but," "done," etc., have been conjectured for *not;* but the passage was probably intended as a piece of Jesuitical sophistry. *Truly done* is explained by the following *not done:* what you have sworn to do amiss is not amiss if *truly* done; but the right doing of what is wrong is *not* to do it. Fleay explains it thus: "to do amiss (incompletely) that which thou hast sworn to do, is not amiss when it (your course of proceeding) is truly (honestly) done."

276. *Indirection.* See on *indirectly*, ii. 1. 49 above.

280. *But thou hast sworn*, etc. The passage is pointed thus in the folio: —

> "It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
> But thou hast sworne against religion:
> By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
> And mak'st an oath the suretie for thy truth,
> Against an oath the truth, thou art vnsure
> To sweare, sweares onely not to be forsworne,
> Else what a mockerie should it be to sweare?"

This is evidently corrupt, at least in the pointing; but of many attempts to mend it none is quite satisfactory. In 281 I adopt (as many do) Johnson's conjecture of *which* for "what." Clarke retains "what," explaining the line as including "the double interpretation of 'by swearing to that which is contrary to that which you have sworn,' and 'in swearing by religion against religion.'" *The truth thou art unsure to swear*, etc., is more perplexing. Knight explains it thus: "the truth — that is, the *troth*, for which you have made an oath the surety, against thy former oath to heaven — this troth, which it was unsure to swear — which you violate your surety in swearing — has only been sworn — swears only — not to be forsworn; but it is sworn against a former oath, which is more binding, because it was an oath to religion — to the principle upon which all oaths are made." Clarke makes *thou art unsure to swear* = "thou art hesitating to abide by." He adds: "The difficulty and obscurity in this speech chiefly arise from the expressions *swear* and *swear'st* being equally used for what has been sworn at different times; or, in other words, 'thy later vows' and 'thy first:' but the very confusion thus produced in the line of argument has characteristic effect." Perhaps the meaning is: the oath you thus swear with no good assurance that you ought to do it. He has just charged the king with giving a pledge inconsistent with his former pledge to the Church; and this, he implies, could only have been done from imperfect or confused notions as to his

duty. *Swears only not to be forsworn* = is sworn only as a matter of form.

Fleay points the passage as follows: —

> "But thou hast sworn against religion,
> By what thou swear'st against, the thing thou swear'st;
> And makest an oath the surety for thy truth,
> Against an oath, the truth; thou art unsure.
> To swear swears only not to be forsworn;" etc.

He explains it thus: "But thou hast sworn the thing thou swear'st against religion (thy vow to be the Church's champion) by the religion thou swearest against, and so thou givest, as pledge of thy truth, thy last oath in opposition to thy first one, which was in its own nature truth itself. Thou art untrustworthy, unsafe. Swearing is used only that oaths may be kept." On *unsure*, he compares ii. 1. 147 above: "unsur'd assurance." He also quotes *Edward I.* ii. 1: —

> "Well may I tempt myself to wrong myself,
> When he hath sworn me by the name of God
> To break a vow made in the name of God;
> What if I swear by this right hand of mine
> To cut this right hand off? The better way
> Were to profane the idol than confound it."

Marshall says that "the whole speech is full of affected obscurities which are absolutely exasperating," and suggests that it may be "intended to be a serious parody of so-called Jesuitical casuistry." I have not quoted all the emendations and interpretations that have been proposed.

289. *Is.* The subject *vows* is plural, but the verb may be said to agree with the predicate nominative *rebellion*. *To* = towards, against. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 244: "a quarrel to you," etc.

292. *Suggestions.* Temptations. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 288, iv. 1. 26, *Lear*, ii. 1. 75, etc.

294. *Vouchsafe them.* Condescend to accept them. Cf. *J. C.* ii.

1. 313: "Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue." See also *T. of A.* i. 1. 152 and *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 43.

295. *Light.*, The plural is to be explained by the intervening *curses*.

296. *As.* That; as often in such connection.

303. *Churlish drums.* Cf. ii. 1. 76 above, and *V. and A.* 107: "his churlish drum."

304. *Measures.* Marching music. Fleay explains it as "solemn dances" (see *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 80: "a measure full of state and ancientry"). Cf. the old play: —

> "*Blanch.* And will your grace upon your wedding-day
> Forsake your bride, and follow dreadful drums?
> Nay, good my lord, stay you at home with me.
> *Lewis.* Sweetheart, content thee, and we shall agree.
> *Philip.* Follow me, lords; Lord Cardinal, lead the way,
> Drums shall be music to this wedding-day."

312. *Forethought.* Ordained, decreed. Elsewhere (in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 38 and *Cymb.* iii. 4. 171) the word is = foresee, anticipate.

317. *Muse.* Wonder; as often in S. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 2. 7: —

> "I muse my mother
> Does not approve me further," etc.

318. *Respects.* Considerations, motives; as in v. 2. 44 and v. 4. 41 below.

320. *Fall from.* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 209: "He 's very likely now to fall from him," etc.

327–336. *Which is the side*, etc. On the passage cf. Volumnia's speech, *Cor.* v. 3. 104 fol.: "thou barr'st us Our prayers to the gods," etc.

330. *Dismember me.* Perhaps alluding, as has been suggested, to the punishments inflicted in the time of the poet on some murderers, who were torn to pieces by wild horses. According to Malone, this was done in the case of Balthazar de Garrand, who

assassinated William, Prince of Orange, in 1584, and that of John Chastel, who attempted to assassinate Henry IV. of France in 1594.

337. *Lady, with me, with me*, etc. This is the pointing of the folio. Most of the modern eds. follow Capell in giving "Lady, with me; [that is, go with me] with me," etc. Capell also changed *lies* to "lives." Fleay (who prints "li'es" for *lives* in the next line) says: "*Lives* was often pronounced *lees*, as here; so that *lie* and *live* had the same sound. The letter *v* could be omitted between any two vowels. Thus in *Tancred and Gismunda*, iii. chor. *lo'e* (love) rhymes to *overthrow*, and in *Edward III. gi'e* (give) rhymes to *buy;* in *London Prodigal*, ii. 1 *mo'e* (move) rhymes to *too*. Chapman is distinguished from all other dramatists by his frequent adoption of this pronunciation."

339. *Puissance*. Armed force; as in *Hen. V.* prol. 25 and ii. 2. 190, etc. S. makes the word a dissyllable or trisyllable, as suits the measure.

341. *Condition*. Quality; as in *M. of V.* v. 1. 74: "the hot condition of their blood," etc.

Scene II. — 2. *Airy*. Percy cites Burton's *Anat. of Melancholy:* "Aeriall spirits or divells are such as keep quarter most part in the aire, cause many tempests, thunder and lightnings, teare oakes, fire steeples," etc. Henderson adds from Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse:* "the spirits of the aire will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants."

6. *Make up*. Hurry on, go along. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 5: "I beseech your majesty, make up;" *Id.* v. 4. 58: "Make up to Clifton," etc.

Scene III. — 2. *Cousin*. Used familiarly for almost any kinsman or kinswoman, except those most nearly related; and sometimes between princes or nobles not related at all.

8. *Set at liberty*, etc. The folio reads: —

"imprisoned angells
Set at libertie:" etc.

The transposition was suggested by Walker. For *angels* see on ii. 1. 590 above.

11. *His.* Its; as often before *its* came into general use.

12. *Bell, book, and candle.* A popular phrase for excommunication, in the ceremonial of which a bell was tolled, a service read from a book, and three candles extinguished in succession. Cf. Marlowe, *Dr. Faustus*: —

"Bell, book, and candle, candle, book, and bell,
Forward and backward to curse Faustus to hell;"

and Bale's *Kynge Johan*: —

"For as moch as kyng Johan doth Holy Church so handle,
Here I do curse hym wyth crosse, boke, bell, and candle," etc.

22. *Advantage.* Interest; as in *M. of V.* i. 3. 71, etc.

28. *What good respect*, etc. How great a regard I have for thee. Cf. iii. 1. 58 above.

29. *Bounden.* Used again in *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 298: "I rest much bounden to you." Elsewhere S. has *bound* for the participle.

Hubert de Burgh was the great grandson of Robert, Earl of Cornwall, half-brother of William the Conqueror. He was also descended from Charlemagne, being thus doubly of royal blood. He held certain offices under John, and was one of his securities for the fulfilment of Magna Charta; and he was one of the few who remained faithful to John to the end. He was made Earl of Kent by Henry III. in 1226, and was a devoted servant to that monarch, but through the jealousy of others he lost the favour of Henry and was deprived of his dignities and possessions. He was married four times, his last wife being Margaret, daughter of William the Lion, King of Scotland. He died in 1243.

36. *Gawds.* Gawdy or garish things, baubles. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 33, iv. 1. 172, etc.

39. *Sound on*, etc. The folio reading. Theobald changed *on* to "one," and "reign," "ear," and "car" have been suggested for *race*. "Ear" is plausible, but no change is absolutely required. "With either reading, *drowsy*, logically, though not grammatically, belongs to *night*, by the usual Shakespearian inversion; and surely the clock striking twelve may be said to strike on into the course or current of the slow night" (Fleay). Singer takes it to be a bell tolling at midnight to call recluses to their devotions.

42. *Surly*. Gloomy; as in *Sonn.* 71. 2: "the surly sullen bell." Cf. *sullen* in i. 1. 28 above.

45. *Keep*. Hold, occupy. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 324: "Other slow arts entirely keep the brain," etc.

50. *Conceit*. Conception, imagination; as often.

52. *Brooded*. Brooding; that is, vigilant as a bird on its nest. Passive participles are often thus used in an active sense. Cf. *retired* in v. 4. 53 below; also *M. N. D.* v. 1. 171: "grim-look'd night;" 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 183: "jeering and disdain'd contempt," etc. We still use "well-behaved" and "well-read" (as "a well-read man").

57. *Adjunct*. Cf. *R. of L.* 133: "Though death be adjunct," etc.

59. *Hubert, Hubert, — Hubert*. "How the impression of murderous eagerness and urgency is horribly conveyed by the reiterated name, gasped forth with a mixture of stealth and vehemence — half mean dread, half bloodthirsty incitement!" (Clarke).

70. *Powers*. The word is used in both numbers to signify an army, as *force* still is. Cf. v. 6. 39 below.

Scene IV. — 2. *Armado*. Fleet (the Spanish *armada*); as in *C. of E.* iii. 2. 140: "Spain, who sent whole armadoes of caracks," etc. *Convicted* = defeated, overpowered. "Collected," "convented," "connected," "convected," "consorted," and "combined" have been proposed as emendations. S. uses *convict* (verb or noun) only here and in *Rich. III.* i. 4. 192: "Before I be convict by course of law."

8. *England.* That is, the king of England; as in ii. 1. 341, 424 above. Cf. *France* in ii. 1. 155.

11. *Advice.* Deliberate consideration; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 68: —

> "And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd,
> But with advice and silent secrecy."

Cf. "advis'd respect" in iv. 2. 214 below.

12. *So fierce a cause.* So impetuous a proceeding.

19. *Prison.* Malone compares 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 74: "Now my soul's palace is become a prison." See also iv. 3. 136 below.

23. *Defy.* Refuse, spurn. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 228: "All studies here I solemnly defy," etc.

29. *Detestable.* Regularly accented by S. on the first syllable.

32. *This gap of breath.* This passage of my breath, or my mouth.

35. *Buss.* Changed by Pope to "kiss." The word had not become vulgar in the time of S. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 220: "Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds." The noun occurs in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 291: "Thou dost give me flattering busses." Steevens quotes Drayton, *Baron's Wars:* "And we by signs sent many a secret buss." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 10. 46: —

> "But every Satyre first did give a busse
> To Hellenore; so busses did abound."

40. *That fell anatomy.* That cruel skeleton, Death. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 238: "A mere anatomy."

42. *Modern.* Commonplace, trite. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 170: —

> "Where violent sorrow seems
> A modern ecstasy," etc.

44. *Not.* Omitted in the first three folios, but supplied in the 4th. Some read "unholy."

48. *I am not mad,* etc. Marshall compares Hamlet's defence of his sanity (*Ham.* iii. 4. 141 fol.).

52. *Canoniz'd.* Accented on the second syllable, as in iii. 1. 177 above.

58. *A babe of clouts.* A rag-baby.

60. *Plague.* Torment; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 85, etc.

64. *Friends.* The folios have "fiends;" corrected by Rowe.

65. *Sociable.* A quadrisyllable. See page 132(*a*) above.

66. *Loves.* Lovers. Cf. 35 above.

68. *To England, if you will.* Malone supposes this to be addressed to the absent John, and = "Take my son to England." Staunton takes it to be an apostrophe to her hair. Fleay explains it: "Say this fine speech about faithful love, etc., to England, that is, to John." Probably Clarke is right in considering it an answer to what Philip has said in 20 above — "one of those incoherent, but wanderingly-connected speeches which persons in Constance's condition of mind (and even people who are only absent of mind) will frequently make." He adds: "It appears to us that this interpretation of her speech adds another point of characteristic delineation to the many admirable touches with which the poet has drawn a mind bordering on frenzy in this powerfully affecting scene." Marshall favours this explanation.

73. *Envy at.* Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 112:—

> "whose honesty the devil
> And his disciples only envy at."

We find *envy against* in *Cor.* iii. 3. 95.

80. *Suspire.* Begin to breathe. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 33 (the only other instance of the word in S.):—

> "By his gates of breath
> There lies a downy feather which stirs not;
> Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
> Perforce must move."

81. *Gracious.* Full of grace, lovely; as in 96 below. Cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 281: "A gracious person," etc.

82. *Canker-sorrow.* Sorrow, like a canker-worm. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 3: "to kill cankers in the muskrose buds," etc.

85. *Dim.* Faded, wan.

90. *You hold too heinous a respect,* etc. You sin in thinking too much of your grief. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 74: "You have too much respect upon the world."

91. *He talks,* etc. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 216: "He has no children."

96. *Remembers me.* Reminds me. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 243: "Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd," etc.

99. *Had you such loss,* etc. "This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness" (Johnson).

101. *This form.* Her head-dress.

106. *Outrage.* Outbreak of rage or madness. Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 4. 64: "frantic outrage," etc.

108. *A twice-told tale.* Cf. *Macb.* v. 5. 26: "a tale told by an idiot," etc. Malone compares *Psalms,* xc. 9: "as a tale that is told." See also iv. 2. 18 below.

110. *World's.* Pope's correction of the "words" of the folios. Fleay thinks that "word's" may refer to "the tedious tale of life."

111. *That. So* that; as often. Cf. 151 below.

115. *Show.* Seem, appear; as in *V. and A.* 1157: "where it shows most toward," etc.

125. *Youthful.* Cf. 145 below: "How green you are," etc.

128. *Rub.* Obstacle; a metaphor taken from the game of bowls. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 188: "But every rub is smoothed on our way," etc.

132. *Whiles.* Used by S. interchangeably with *while.*

133. *Misplac'd.* That is, usurping; wearing a "crown so foul misplac'd" (*Rich. III.* iii. 2. 44).

135. *Unruly.* Unlawful.

136. *Boisterously.* Violently. See on iv. 1. 95 below.

138. *Makes nice of,* etc. Has no scruples about, etc.

146. *Lays you plots.* Lays plots for you ; the "ethical dative," so called.

147. *True blood.* "The blood of him that has the *just* claim" (Johnson).

149. *Evilly.* Used again in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 467.

153. *Exhalation.* Meteor. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 352 : "My lord, do you see these meteors ? do you behold these exhalations ?" See also *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 226 and *J. C.* ii. 1. 44.

154. *Scope.* Free play, operation. Pope changed the word to "scape," which several editors adopt. It is obviously wrong, as it could refer only to a prodigy or something out of the ordinary course of nature ; while the context enumerates only *common* and *customed* phenomena, which the people *imagine* to be *prodigies and signs. Distemper'd* = disordered, troubled ; as often.

155. *Customed.* Not "'customed," as sometimes printed. The word occurs again in 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 188: "customed right."

158. *Abortives.* Monstrosities ; the only instance of the noun in S.

161. *In his prisonment.* In keeping him in prison.

166. *Unacquainted.* Cf. v. 2. 32 below, "unacquainted colours."

167. *Strong matter of.* Good cause of, powerful reasons for.

169. *Hurly.* Tumult, commotion. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 206 : "amid this hurly," etc.

174. *Call.* That is, a *bird-call*, the reed or pipe used in catching birds.

175. *Train.* Allure. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 45 : "O, train me not, sweet mermaid, by thy note," etc.

176. *As a little snow*, etc. "Bacon, in his *Hist. of Hen. VII.*, speaking of Simnel's march, observes that 'their snow-ball did not gather as it went'" (Johnson).

182. *Strong actions.* The reading of the later folios ; the 1st folio has "strange actions," which may possibly be what S. wrote.

BLANCHE OF CASTILE

ACT IV

SCENE I. — On the locality of the scene, see on i. 1. 1 above. According to history, Arthur was first confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen, where he died or was murdered.

2. *Within the arras.* That is, between the tapestry hangings and the wall, a common place of concealment. See *M. W.* iii. 3. 97, *Much Ado*, i. 3. 63, *Ham.* ii. 2. 163, iii. 3. 28, iv. 1. 9, etc.

7. *Uncleanly.* Unbecoming.

8. *To say with.* To speak with.

15. *As sad as night*, etc. An allusion to one of the affectations of the day. Steevens quotes Lyly, *Midas*, 1592: "Melancholy! is melancholy a word for a barber's mouth? Thou shouldst say heavy, dull, and doltish; melancholy is the crest of courtiers, and now every base companion, &c. says he is melancholy;" and *The Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, 1613: —

> " My nobility is wonderful melancholy. —
> Is it not most gentleman-like to be melancholy ? "

16. *Christendom.* "Christianity" (Schmidt); "christening or baptism" (Clarke). In *A. W.* i. 1. 188, it is = Christian name, or baptismal name. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes Taylor, *Workes*, 1630 : —

> " A halfe piece, or a crowne, or such a summe,
> Hath forc'd them falsifie their Christendome."

19. *Doubt.* Suspect, fear ; as in iv. 2. 102 and v. 6. 44 below.

20. *Practises.* Plots ; as often. Cf. the noun in iv. 3. 63.

25. *Prate.* Prattle. The noun occurs again in 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 124.

33. *Rheum.* Tears. See on iii. 1. 22 above.

34. *Dispiteous.* Pitiless ; used by S. only here.

38. *Effect.* Import, meaning.

42. *Handkercher.* The spelling of the folios, as in most other places ; indicating the common pronunciation.

46. *Watchful minutes.* That mark the passage of the hour, like watches.

47. *Still and anon.* Ever and anon. *Still* is often = ever.

49. *Love.* Act of love, kindness ; as in *Per.* ii. 4. 49 : "But if I cannot win you to this love," etc.

50. *Lien.* The folio has "lyen." In *Ham.* v. 1. 190, the quartos have "lien," the folios "lain."

52. *At your sick service.* To attend you when sick.

61. *Heat.* Elsewhere in S. the participle is *heated.* Cf. *waft* in ii. 1. 73 above. *Heat* is found in *Daniel*, iii. 19, in the ed. of 1611.

70. The folio reads : "I would not haue beleeu'd him : no tongue but *Huberts*." Sundry changes have been made, but none seems necessary.

78. *Heaven sake.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 271 : "fashion sake ; " *T. and C.* ii. 3. 120 : "digestion sake ; " *T. N.* iii. 4. 326 :

"oath sake," etc. The omission of the possessive inflection is commonest with a sibilant; as in *J. C.* iv. 3. 19: "justice sake;" *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 144: "sentence end," etc.

82. *Angerly.* The word occurs also in *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 62 and *Macb.* iii. 5. 1. S. does not use *angrily.*

92. *Mote.* The folios have "moth," which was pronounced *mote.* Cf. the play on *Goths* and *goats* in *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 9.

95. *Boisterous.* The word (formerly =intractable, violent) has come to be restricted to "loud weather" (*W. T.* iii. 3. 11) and like noisy demonstrations. We can no longer use it as in *V. and A.* 326: "his boisterous and unruly beast" (horse); or as in *A. Y. L.* ii. 3. 32: "a base and boisterous sword," etc.

99. *Want pleading.* Be insufficient to plead.

106. *The fire is dead,* etc. "*The fire,* being *created* not to hurt, but to *comfort, is dead with grief for* finding itself *used* in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have *not deserved*" (Johnson). On *extremes,* cf. v. 7. 13 below: "fierce extremes."

117. *Tarre him on.* Set him on, urge him on. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 392: "tarre the mastiffs on;" and *Ham.* ii. 2. 370: "no sin to tarre them on to controversy."

121. *Of note.* Notorious, distinguished.

123. *Owes.* Owns. See on ii. 1. 109 above.

125. *This same very iron.* Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 49: "this same very day," etc.

130. *Doubtless and secure.* Free from fear and confident. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 20: "I am doubtless I can purge Myself," etc.

132. *Offend.* Harm; as often.

133. *Closely.* Secretly; as in *Ham.* iii. 1. 29, *R. and J.* v. 3. 255, etc. Cf. *close* in iv. 2. 72 below.

SCENE II. — 1. *Once again crown'd.* This was the *fourth* time that John was crowned. The second coronation was at Canterbury in the year 1201. He was crowned again at the same place, after the murder of his nephew, in April, 1202; probably with a view of

confirming his title to the throne, his competitor no longer standing in the way (Malone).

4. *Once superfluous.* That is, once too many.

10. *Guard.* Ornament, as with trimmings. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 164: —

> "Give him a livery
> More guarded than his fellows'; see it done;"

Hen. VIII. prol. 16: "In a long motley coat guarded with yellow," etc.

18. *An ancient tale new-told.* Cf. iii. 4. 108 above: "as tedious as a twice-told tale."

21. *Antique.* Accented on the first syllable, as regularly in S.

24. *To fetch about.* To "come about," as the nautical term now is; to veer round.

29. *Covetousness.* Eagerness. *Confound* = destroy, ruin; as in v. 7. 58 below.

38. *Since all,* etc. That is, since we make our preferences yield in all cases to your will.

41. *Possess'd you with.* Informed you of. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 65, iv. 1. 35, *Cor.* ii. 1. 145, etc.

42. *More, more strong.* Cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 63 and *Lear,* v. 3. 202.

43. *Indue.* Supply, furnish.

48. *To sound.* To give *sound* or utterance to. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 74: "How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?"

50. *Myself and them.* The grammatical error is probably due in part to the occurrence of the same combination in the preceding line, and in part to the more frequent association of *them* than *they* with *myself.*

55. *In rest.* Either = in possession, as Clarke explains it; or in repose, in peace, as Schmidt and Fleay give it. Possibly both ideas are combined.

56. *Why then,* etc. Pope transposed *then* and *should,* to give the question the ordinary direct form; but the question may be

considered as indirect, or perhaps as a confusion of the two constructions.

57. *Mew up.* Shut up. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 71, *Rich. III.* i. 1. 38, 132, etc.

60. *Exercise?* Probably referring especially to physical exercise, with which imprisonment interfered.

61. *The time's enemies.* Those who are now your enemies. *To grace occasions* = to urge or use against you; or *occasions* may mean "opportunities to attack your government" (Schmidt).

64. *Goods.* Abstract nouns are often thus used in the plural when more than one person is referred to.

69. *Should do.* Who was to do. The ellipsis of the relative is common.

72. *Close aspect.* Reserved, secretive look. For the accent of *aspect*, see on ii. 1. 250 above.

77. *Between his purpose.* That is, showing a conflict in his mind between his *purpose* of killing Arthur and his *conscience.* Cf. 248 below.

78. *Set.* Appointed, posted. "It is worthy of notice how in this speech, and in the beautiful one commencing with 9 above, Salisbury maintains that characteristic refinement and poetry of diction which distinguish him in contrast with Pembroke" (Clarke).

79–81. *It needs must break*, etc. The figure is taken from a boil or similar gathering. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 1. 5 fol.

89. *Here or hence.* See on v. 4. 29 below.

93. *Apparent.* Evident, obvious; as often. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 144: —

> "*Duke.* It is now apparent?
> *Provost.* Most manifest, and not denied by himself."

99. *Owed.* Was the right owner of. See on ii. 1. 109 above, and cf. iv. 1. 123.

100. *Foot.* For the plural, cf. *pound* in i. 1. 69 above.

Bad world the while! A bad world nowadays! Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.*

ii. 4. 146: "God help the while! a bad world, I say;" and *Rich. III.* iii. 6. 10: "Here's a good world the while!"

102. *Doubt.* Suspect, fear; as in iv. 1. 19 above.

106. *Fearful.* Full of fear; as in 191 below. On the passage, cf. *Macb.* v. 3. 11, 14.

110. *From France to England.* "The king asks *how all goes in France;* the messenger catches the word *goes*, and answers that *whatever* is in France *goes* now *into England*" (Johnson).

116. *O, where*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* i. 7. 35: —

> "Was the hope drunk
> Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?"

117. *Care.* In the 1st folio the first letter of the word is broken, and may be either an *e* or a *c;* the later folios have "care." Some editors read "ear" on account of the *ear* in the answer; but, as Clarke remarks, that word is sufficiently suggested by the king's "*hear* of it," and *care* accords better with the preceding *intelligence.*

118. *Drawn.* Drawn together, levied; as in v. 2. 113 below.

120. Constance died in 1201 at Nantes, Elinor in 1204 (Mrs. Jameson and some other authorities say 1203) at Fontevreaux.

124. *Idly.* Incidentally, casually; explained by the context.

125. *Occasion.* Fortune; as in *Ham.* i. 3. 54: "Occasion smiles upon a second leave," etc. The word is a quadrisyllable here; a metrical license very common in this play. Cf. *preparation* in 111 above, and see 173, 184, 191, and 218 below.

128. *Walks.* Goes. As Schmidt remarks, the verb is "much oftener used in S. than in modern language = to go, move, and even = come."

135. *Afeard.* Used by S. interchangeably with *afraid.*

137. *Amaz'd.* Confused, bewildered; as in ii. 1. 356 above.

139. *Aloft.* The only instance of the prepositional use in S.

141. *Sped.* Fared, succeeded. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 278, iii. 5. 137, etc.

144. *Strangely fantasied.* Filled with strange fancies; the only instance of *fantasied* in S.

148. *Pomfret.* A town in the West Riding of Yorkshire. In the old play there is a scene between the prophet and the people, and another of the Bastard plundering the abbeys, both of them poor and coarse, and judiciously omitted by S. See p. 13 above.

158. *Safety.* Safe keeping, custody; as in *R. and J.* v. 3. 183: "Hold him in safety." This *prophet*, "Peter of Pomfret," although his prediction was fulfilled (see v. 1. 25 below), did not escape the penalty pronounced by the king, but after being dragged through the streets by horses was hanged upon a gibbet (Douce).

165. *Whom.* For the "confusion of construction," cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 92: "Young Ferdinand, whom they supposed is drown'd;" *Cor.* iv. 2. 2: "The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided," etc.

171. *Subject enemies.* Enemies among my subjects. Marshall calls this "nonsense," and reads "subjects" with the later folios.

177. *Sprightful.* Full of spirit. It is used by S. only here, but we have *sprightfully* in a similar sense in *Rich. II.* i. 3. 3.

182. *Five moons.* This phenomenon is mentioned by some of the chroniclers and also in the old play, where the five moons appear visibly and the Bastard says: —

> "See, my lord, strange apparitions.
> Glauncing mine eye to see the diadem
> Plac'd by the bishops on your highness head,
> Forth from a gloomy cloud, which, curtain-like,
> Display'd itself, I suddenly espied
> Five moons reflecting, as you see them now," etc.

To-night = last night; as often.

185. *Beldams.* Old women, hags. The word, according to the *New Eng. Dict.*, is "not a direct adoption of the Fr. *belle dame*, 'fair lady,' but formed upon *dam*, earlier *dame*, in its English sense of 'mother,' with *bel-* employed to express relationship, as in *bel-*

sire." Hence it meant originally a grandmother; as in *R. of L.* 953, 1458, and (figuratively) 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 32. Later it was applied to any old woman (as in Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 2. 43, to an "aged nourse"); and later still it got a depreciative or contemptuous sense, as in the present passage. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 5. 2, the only other instance of this use in S.

198. *Contrary feet.* The mutations of fashion are well illustrated by the fact that this passage perplexed the commentators of the last century. Johnson says: "Shakespeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot." Farmer, Steevens, and Malone fill a page of the *Variorum* of 1821 to show that in earlier times shoes were made "rights and lefts." Thus Scot, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, says: "He that receiveth a mischance, will consider, whether he put not on his shirt wrongside outwards, or his left shoe on his right foot," etc. Boswell remarks: "What has called forth the antiquarian knowledge of so many learned commentators is again become the common practice at this day." Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 3. 16: "this left shoe." *Contrary* is commonly accented by S. on the first syllable; but on the second, as here, in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 144 and *Ham.* iii. 2. 221.

199. *A many.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 79: "you bear a many superfluously," etc. The phrase is still used in poetry; as by Tennyson in *The Miller's Daughter*: "They have not shed a many tears," etc.

200. *Embattailed.* Embattled; the spelling of the early eds., to be preserved here, as the word is a quadrisyllable. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 14: "The English are embattled, you French peers," etc.

207. *No had.* Changed by Rowe to "Had none;" but the idiom is found elsewhere. Arrowsmith (*N. and Q.* i. 7. p. 521) cites Dekker, *Fortunatus*: "No does?" Foxe, *Martyrs*: "No did?" etc. Fleay adds Lodge, *Marius and Sylla*, iv. 1: "No relent?" and Staunton gives an example of *No had* from a letter of Sir Thomas More.

214. *More upon humour*, etc. More on account of mere caprice than from deliberate consideration. For *upon* cf. ii. 1. 597 above : "upon commodity." For *advised*, cf. *advice* in iii. 4. 11 above ; and for *respect*, see on iii. 4. 90 above.

220. *Make deeds ill done!* The plural is to be explained by the proximity of *deeds*. Cf. iii. 1. 295 above. *Hadst* is regarded by some as a dissyllable here. On the passage, cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 175 : —

> "And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
> Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
> And after seem to chide 'em."

222. *Quoted.* Noted, set down ; as in *A. W.* v. 3. 205. "He 's quoted for a most perfidious slave," etc.

224. *Aspect.* For the accent, see on 72 above.

226. *Liable.* Suitable, fit ; as in *L. L. L.* v. 1. 97 : "The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon ; the word is well culled," etc.

227. *Broke with thee.* Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 311 : "I will break with her" (see also 328) ; *Id.* i. 2. 16 : "break with you of it," etc. In *Id.* ii. 1. 162 and iii. 2. 76, we find "break with him *about*," etc.

229. *Made it no conscience.* Had no scruples. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 67 : —

> "That I shall clear myself,
> Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
> I make as little doubt as you do conscience
> In doing daily wrongs."

231. *Hadst thou*, etc. Johnson observes: "There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches, vented against Hubert, are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another. This account of the

timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly that line in which he says that *to have bid him tell his tale in express words* would have *struck him dumb;* nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges."

234. *As bid.* That is, as if to bid or prompt.

245. *Fleshly.* Corporeal; used by S. only here. On the passage, cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 68: —

> "the state of man,
> Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection;"

and see also 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 118, *T. and C.* ii. 3. 185, and *Macb.* i. 3. 140.

255. *Motion.* Impulse, prompting; as in *J. C.* ii. 1. 64: —

> "Between the acting of a dreadful thing
> And the first motion," etc.

See also i. 1. 212 above.

264. *Feature.* For the singular, cf. ii. 1. 126 above.

265. *Foul imaginary eyes of blood.* "The sanguinary eyes of my imagination" (Schmidt).

268. *Expedient.* Expeditious, swift; as in ii. 1. 60, 223 above.

269. *Conjure.* S. accents the word on either syllable without regard to the meaning.

The old play is divided into two parts, the first of which ends with the king's sending Hubert on this errand; the second begins with "*Enter Arthur*," etc., as in the next scene.

Scene III. — 3. *There's.* Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 371: "There is no more such masters," etc. The singular verb is often thus used before a plural subject.

10. *Heaven take my soul*, etc. S. here follows the old play. The fate of Arthur is not certainly known. Matthew Paris, relat-

ing the event, uses the word *evanuit* (he disappeared); and the business was doubtless managed with great secrecy. The French historians say that John, coming in a boat at night to the castle of Rouen, where Arthur was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having stabbed him, fastened a stone to the dead body and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to the report, which he afterwards caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape by a window, fell into the river and was drowned (Malone).

11. *Saint Edmundsbury.* See on v. 4. 18 below. *Him* refers to the Dauphin.

16. *Private with me.* That is, private or personal communication to me.

18. *Bigot* was Roger Bigot (not Robert, as generally stated), son of Hugh Bigot, steward to King Stephen. He was created Earl of Norfolk, and died in the Holy Land in 1177. Both he and his eldest son, Hugh Bigot, were among the twenty-five barons who united against John in obtaining Magna Charta.

20. *Or ere.* A reduplication, the *or* being = before. Cf. v. 6. 44 below.

21. *Distemper'd.* Disaffected. It is used of the weather (= disturbed) in iii. 4. 154 above.

29. *Griefs.* Grievances; as in *J. C.* i. 3. 118, iv. 2. 42, etc. *Reason* = speak; as in *M. of V.* ii. 8. 27: "I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday," etc.

34. *What is he lies here?* That is, *who* is he *that* lies here? For *what* = who, cf. ii. 1. 134 above.

48. *Savagery.* Atrocity. In *Hen. V.* v. 2. 47 ("deracinate such savagery") it is = wild growth.

49. *Wall-eyed.* "Fierce-eyed" (Schmidt); perhaps simply = with perverted or unnatural vision. The word occurs again in *T. A.* v. 1. 44: "wall-eyed slave."

50. *Remorse.* Pity; as in 110 below and ii. 1. 478 above.

54. *Sin of times.* That is, of the times, of the age.

56. *Exampled by.* Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 132: —

"so every step,
Exampled by the first pace," etc.

63. *Practice.* Plotting. See on iv. 1. 20 above.

64. *Whose.* Of whom; the "objective genitive."

71. *Set a glory to this hand.* Gained fame or honour for this hand of mine. Fleay sees an allusion to the fact that in the early Christian iconography a hand was sometimes surrounded by a nimbus. Clarke says that "the vow to dedicate his own *hand* to the service of winning *glory* by attaining vengeance, and giving it the honour or *worship* of having fulfilled a so-esteemed sacred duty, is perfectly consistent with one of the practices of chivalrous times." Some editors adopt Farmer's emendation of "head." *Giving it the worship of revenge* = "ennobling it by revenge" (Schmidt).

79. *Your sword is bright,* etc. Cf. *Oth.* i. 2. 59: "Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them." Here, as there, the expression is contemptuous.

84. *True.* Rightful, just; as often.

87. *Dunghill!* For the personal use, cf. *Lear,* iv. 6. 249: "Out, dunghill!"

91. *Yet.* As yet, up to this time. It is often thus transposed before a negative.

94. *Stand by.* Stand back; as in *Much Ado,* iv. 1. 24, *T. of S.* i. 2. 143, etc.

95. *Thou wert better.* It were better for thee. So "you were best;" as in *M. of V.* ii. 8. 33, etc. The pronoun, originally dative, came to be regarded as a nominative.

97. *Spleen.* See on ii. 1. 68 above.

99. *Toasting-iron.* Contemptuous for sword. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 9: "I will wink and hold out mine iron: . . . it will toast cheese," etc. Steevens cites Fletcher, *Woman's Prize:* "dart ladles, toasting-irons," etc.

104. *Hour.* A dissyllable, as often.

108. *Rheum.* See on iii. 1. 22 above.

109. *Traded in it.* Expert in it, as if it were his *trade.* Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 64: "Two traded pilots," etc.

110. *Remorse.* See on 50 above.

116. *Here 's a good world!* Ironical = *bad world the while!* in iv. 2. 100 above.

121. *Damn'd as black.* Staunton remarks: "S. had here probably in his mind the old religious plays of Coventry, some of which in his boyhood he might have seen, wherein the damned souls had their faces blackened." Sharp, in his account of these performances, says that there were uniformly three *white* and three *black* souls. He quotes the following ancient bill in this connection: —

> "Itm payd to iij whyte sollys vs
> Itm payd to iij blake sollys vs
> Itm for makyng and mendynge of the blakke soules hose vjd
> p'd for blakyng the sollys fassys —"

126. *Do but despair.* Do nothing but despair, only despair.

132. *Ocean.* A trisyllable; as in ii. 1. 340 above.

133. *Up.* Used intensively, as often by S. Cf. *kill up, poison up, crown up,* etc.

137. *Embounded.* Bounded, enclosed; used by S. only here.

140. *Amaz'd.* See on iv. 2. 137 above.

142. *Easy.* Easily; as very often. Cf. *Sonn.* 109. 3, *M. N. D.* v. 1. 22, *Macb.* ii. 3. 143, v. 8. 9, etc.

146. *Scamble.* Scramble, struggle. Cf. *Much Ado,* v. 1. 94, *Hen. V.* i. 1. 4, v. 2. 218, etc.

147. *Unowed.* Unowned, or without rightful owner. Cf. *owe* in ii. 1. 109 above. "In this hour of ripened moral perception, the speaker suffers himself to confess that the only rightful possessor of England is gone, and that John is but possessor by tenure of usurpation and wrong; nevertheless, Philip's sense of fidelity and personal gratitude to the present occupier of the throne will not

let him abandon him or his cause, especially now that they are in jeopardy and peril" (Clarke).

151. *From home.* Away from home, abroad.

152. *Waits.* Clarke says that the *on* of the next line is "understood" with *waits;* but this is not absolutely necessary. The verb may be transitive (as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 63, etc.), and the *on* may be inserted for the measure or on account of the omission of the verb. On the passage, cf. *J. C.* v. 1. 85 fol.

154. *Wrested.* Wrested from its rightful owner, usurped.

155. *Cincture.* Girdle; Pope's correction of the "center" of the folios. Clarke suggests that the latter may have been in familiar use as a corruption of the Fr. *ceinture.*

158. *Businesses.* S. uses the plural no less than six times. Cf. *A. W.* i. 1. 220, iii. 7. 5, iv. 3. 98, *W. T.* iv. 2. 15, and *Lear,* ii. 1. 129. *Are brief in hand* = must be speedily dispatched.

LEWIS THE DAUPHIN

ACT V

SCENE I. — 2. *Circle.* Diadem; as in *A. and C.* iii. 12. 18: "The circle of the Ptolemies." Cf. *round* in *Macb.* i. 2. 59 and iv. 1. 88. *Take again* = take it again. Some make *greatness and authority* the object, inserting a comma after *pope.*

6. *And from his holiness,* etc. And use all your power from his holiness.

7. *Inflam'd.* Burned up, destroyed.

8. *Counties.* Some take the word to be = counts, nobles (cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 49, *T. N.* i. 5. 320, etc.); but it may have its ordinary sense, as Schmidt explains it.

12. *Mistemper'd.* Distempered (see on iv. 3. 21 above), disaffected. It occurs again in *R. and J.* i. 1. 94.

13. *Qualified.* Moderated, abated; as in *R. of L.* 424, *Ham.* iv. 7. 114, etc.

14. *The present time's so sick*, etc. For the metaphor, cf. *Macb.* v. 2. 27. See also v. 2. 20 below.

19. *Convertite.* Convert or penitent; as in *R. of L.* 743 and *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 190.

25. *Is this Ascension-day?* See iv. 2. 147 fol. above.

27. *Give off?* Give up; the only instance of the expression in S.

31. *Dover Castle.* Hubert de Burgh with a hundred and forty soldiers defended it for four months (French).

35. *Amazement.* Confusion, bewilderment. Cf. the verb in iv. 2. 137 and iv. 3. 140 above.

54. *Glister.* Glisten (not used by S.). Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 65: "All that glisters is not gold," etc.

55. *Become.* Adorn; as in ii. 1. 141 above.

59. *Forage.* Go forth in search of prey. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 110:—

> "Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
> Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
> Forage in blood of French nobility."

See also the noun in *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 93: "And he [the lion] from forage will incline to play." Fleay quotes *Edward III.* ii. 1:—

> "The lion doth become his bloody jaws,
> And grace his foragement by being wild,
> When vassals fear his trembling at their feet;"

and Chapman, *Bussy's Revenge:* "Lions foraging prey."

60. *Displeasure.* Often used by S. in a stronger sense than now; as in *Much Ado*, i. 3. 68, ii. 2. 6, *Cor.* iv. 5. 78, *Lear*, i. 1. 202, iii. 3. 5, etc.

66. *Upon the footing of our land.* Standing upon our own land.

67. *Orders.* The word, from meaning orderings, arrangements, comes to be = stipulations, conditions. Cf. v. 2. 4 below.

69. *Invasive?* Invading; used by S. only here.

70. *Cocker'd.* Pampered; used by S. nowhere else. For the masculine use of *wanton*, cf. *Rich. II.* v. 3. 10 and *Ham.* v. 2. 310.

71. *Flesh his spirit.* "Taste blood for the first time" (Fleay). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 133: —

> "Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
> Thy maiden sword;"

1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 36: "Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood."

72. *Mocking the air*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* i. 2. 49: —

> "Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
> And fan our people cold."

Malone remarks: "From these two passages Mr. Gray seems to have formed the first stanza of his celebrated Ode: —

> 'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
> Confusion on thy banners wait!
> Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
> They mock the air with idle state.'"

79. *May well meet*, etc. May still be a match for, etc.

SCENE II. — 2. *Remembrance.* A quadrisyllable; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 76: "Grace and remembrance be to you both."

3. *Precedent.* Original copy, first draught; as in *Rich. III.* iii. 6. 7: "The precedent was full as long a-doing."

4. *Order.* Arrangement, agreement. See on v. 1. 67 above.

6. *Sacrament.* Oath; as in *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 328, v. 2. 97, etc.

13. *Plaster.* For the metaphor, cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 139: —

> "you rub the sore
> When you should bring the plaster."

16. *Metal.* See on ii. 1. 401 above.

27. *Stranger march.* The folios have "Stranger, march," which some editors retain. For *stranger* = foreign, cf. v. 1. 11 above.

30. *Spot.* Stain, disgrace (Schmidt); as in v. 7. 107 below. *Upon* = on account of; as in iv. 2. 214 and v. 1. 18 above. *Enforced* = involuntary; as in *M. of V.* v. 1. 240, *Rich. II.* i. 3. 264, etc.

34. *Clippeth.* Embraceth. Cf. 1. *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 44: "clipp'd in with the sea," etc.

36. *Grapple.* Pope's correction of the "cripple" of the folios. Fleay adopts Steevens's conjecture of "gripple," which means the same.

39. *To spend.* Some editors adopt Steevens's conjecture of "to-spend," in which the *to* is intensive; but it seems to be merely an instance of the insertion of *to* with a second infinitive after its omission with the first. Cf. i. 1. 134 above: "hadst thou rather be . . . and to enjoy." There is no clear example of this archaic intensive *to* in S.

42. *Doth.* Changed by Hanmer to "Do;" but it may be the old 3d person plural in *-th.* See on ii. 1. 217 above, and cf. *R. and J.* prol. 8, 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 74, etc.

44. "*Compulsion* is here used in reference to what Salisbury has just before called *this enforced cause;* that is, the cause to which he felt himself compelled by *the infection of the time*" (Clarke). *Brave respect* = gallant loyalty, patriotic spirit. Cf. iii. 1. 58 above.

45. *Dew.* For the application to tears, cf. *R. of L.* 1829, *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 29, *W. T.* ii. 1. 109, and *Rich. II.* v. 1. 9.

46. *Silverly.* Silver-like; used by S. only here. The same is true of the verb *progress.*

50. *This shower,* etc. Malone compares *R. of L.* 1788: —

> "This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
> Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more."

59. *Full of warm blood.* The folios have "Full warm of blood," which may be right, though it does not suit the rest of the line so well as the transposition in the text. The latter is due to Heath, and is adopted by the Cambridge editors and others.

64. *An angel spake.* Fleay says: "This phrase was proverbial, and usually involved a quibble; as in *Two Angry Women of Abington:* —

'*Coomes.* There speaks an angel. Is it good?
Mrs. Gourney. Ay.
Coomes. Then I can't do amiss; the good angel goes with me;'

and in *Eastward Ho*, ii. 1 : —

'*Quicksilver.* Security will smell out ready money for you instantly.
Petronel. There spake an angel.'"

Here there may be a similar play upon the expression, referring to the *purse* just mentioned and to the *holy legate* whom he sees approaching. For the coin called an *angel*, cf. ii. 1. 590 and iii. 3. 9 above.

75. *At hand.* By hand.

79. *Propertied.* Made a property of, treated as a mere tool or instrument. Cf. *T. N.* iv. 2. 99: "they have here propertied me." Note also the use of the noun in *J. C.* iv. 1. 40: —

"Do not talk of him
But as a property."

89. *Interest to.* Claim to, interest in; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 98: —

"He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession."

99. *Underprop.* Support, uphold. Cf. *R. of L.* 53: "Which of them both should underprop her fame;" and *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 82: "Here am I left to underprop his land," etc.

100. *Charge?* Expense; as in i. 1. 49 above.

101. *Liable.* Allied, associated. Cf. its use = subject, in ii. 1. 490 above.

104. *Bank'd.* The most natural meaning would be "thrown up intrenchments before" (Steevens), but the corresponding passage in the old play favours the interpretation "sailed along the banks of." Schmidt thinks the word is probably = the Fr. *aborder*, to land on the banks of. Staunton suggests that it is a term in card-playing = put into a bank or rest, won.

105. *Cards.* S. here anticipates the invention of playing-cards by about a century and a half. See on i. 1. 24 above.

107. *Set.* Game, match; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 29, *Hen. V.* i. 2. 262, etc.

113. *Drew this gallant head.* Levied this gallant army. For *drew*, see on iv. 2. 118 above; and on *head* cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 284: "To save our heads by raising of a head:" *Id.* iv. 4. 25: "a head Of gallant warriors," etc.

115. *Outlook.* Outface (cf. v. 1. 49 above); the only instance of the word in S.

124. *Wilful-opposite.* Obstinately contrary; not hyphened in the early eds. Cf. iii. 1. 254 above.

125. *Temporize.* Come to terms; as in *T. and C.* iv. 4. 6, *Cor.* iv. 6. 17, etc.

130. *And reason*, etc. And there is reason, etc. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 417:—

"reason my son
Should choose himself a wife," etc.

See also on *excuse*, ii. 1. 119 above.

132. *Unadvised.* Inconsiderate, rash. Cf. ii. 1. 45, 191 above; and *advised* in iv. 2. 214. *Harness'd*=wearing *harness*, or armour; as in *T. and C.* i. 2. 8.

133. *Unhair'd.* Beardless. Cf. v. 1. 69 above. *Hair* was often spelt *hear* or *heare*, and the folio has here "vn-heard." Schmidt prefers *unheard* (=unprecedented).

138. *Take the hatch.* Leap over the hatch. See on i. 1. 171 above.

139. *Concealed wells.* That is, wells in out-of-the-way places. The expression has troubled certain of the commentators.

141. *Pawns.* Things pawned.

144. *The crying of your nation's crow.* "The sound of your nation's crow;" alluding to the crowing of the cock, which is the national bird of France, and to the boastful crowing attributed to Frenchmen, to which S. has another allusion in *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 160.

Schmidt takes *crow* to be a contemptuous name for the French cock.

146. *Feebled.* The verb occurs again in *Cor.* i. 1. 199.

149. *Aery.* Brood. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 264, 270, and *Ham.* ii. 3. 354. *Tower* was a term in falconry for the spiral upward flight of the bird; as *souse* was for its pouncing upon its prey. Cf. ii. 1. 350 above.

151. *Ingrate.* "Ingrateful" (v. 7. 43 below), or ungrateful; as in *T. N.* v. 1. 116, *Cor.* v. 2. 92, etc. *Revolts* = deserters; as in v. 4. 7 below, and in *Cymb.* iv. 4. 6.

154. *Pale-visag'd.* Cf. "maid-pale" in *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 98.

157. *Needles.* The 1st and 2d folios have "Needl's," indicating the metrical contraction. Some editors give "neelds" (an old form of the word), as in *R. of L.* 319, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 204, and *Per.* iv. prol. 23.

159. *Brave.* Bravado. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 123: "Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?"

162. *Brabbler.* Brawler. It is the name of a dog in *T. and C.* v. 1. 99. Cf. *brabble* = brawl, in *T. N.* v. 1. 68.

176. *And in his forehead sits,* etc. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 160: —

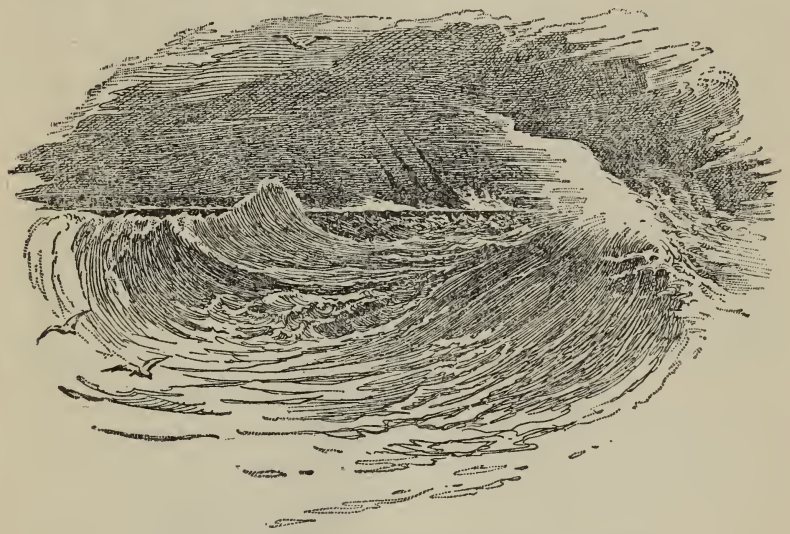
> "for within the hollow crown
> That rounds the mortal temples of a king
> Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits," etc.

Scene III. — 8. *Swinstead.* Halliwell-Phillipps reads "Swineshead," which is unquestionably correct; but S. copied the mistake from the old play. Swineshead is in Lincolnshire, about seven miles southwest of Boston. It is now a rural town, but was then a seaport. The abbey, about half a mile east of the town, was founded by Robert de Greslei in 1134. It was a large and magnificent structure, but nothing is now left of it. The mansion known as Swineshead Abbey stands near the site, and was built with materials from the ancient abbey.

9. *Supply.* Reinforcements; as in v. 5. 12 below. See also 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 3, 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 28, etc.

11. *Are.* Changed by Capell to "Was;" but *supply* is used as a collective noun (cf. v. 5. 12). The relative in the intervening line takes a singular verb, but this is not uncommon. *Wrack'd* (= wrecked) is the only spelling in the early eds.

The *Goodwin Sands* or "the Goodwins" (*M. of V.* iii. 1. 4) are dangerous shoals off the eastern coast of Kent, not far from the mouth of the Thames. Tradition says that they were once an island belonging to Earl Godwin, which was swallowed up by the sea about A.D. 1100.



THE GOODWIN SANDS, DURING A STORM

12. *Richard.* The messenger here uses the Christian name given to the knight, though he has just called him *Faulconbridge.* "It is as if the poet wished to show that the renownedly brave man was known familiarly by both titles" (Clarke).

13. *Retire themselves.* Retreat. For the reflexive use, cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 310, *W. T.* iv. 4. 663, *Oth.* ii. 3. 386, etc.

SCENE IV. — 1. *Stor'd with.* Well supplied with. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 5. 31: "To new store France with bastard warriors," etc.

5. *In spite of spite.* "Come the worst that may" (Schmidt). Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 5: "And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile."

7. *Revolts.* See on v. 2. 151 above.

10. *Bought and sold.* Betrayed. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 1. 72: "It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold." See also *Rich. III.* v. 3. 305, *T. and C.* ii. 1. 51, etc.

11. *Unthread the rude eye.* Changed by Theobald to "Untread the rude way." Johnson says that "the metaphor is certainly harsh," but he does not think the passage corrupted. Malone compares *Lear*, ii. 1. 121: "threading dark-eyed night;" and *Cor.* iii. 1. 127: "They would not thread the gates." See also *Rich. II.* v. 5. 17: —

> "It is as hard to come, as for a camel
> To thread the postern of a needle's eye."

Clarke says: "The metaphor has the more propriety because to thread the eye of a needle is a process of some difficulty [cf. the paraphrase from the Bible in the passage just quoted], while to unthread a needle's eye is, on the contrary, one of the most easy of tasks: therefore the proposal to *unthread the rude eye of rebellion* appropriately metaphorizes the intricate course they have taken in forsaking the English side and revolting to the French, and also the facile one they would take in withdrawing themselves from it and returning to their natural allegiance." Schmidt under *Eye* suggests that the word here may be a misprint for "tye" (*tie*); but under *Unthread* he says: "The constant combination of the words *thread* and *eye* in all these passages [the present one and those quoted above from *Rich. II.* and *Lear*] is sufficient to refute the different emendations proposed by the commentators, not excepting that attempted in this lexicon sub *Eye*." For the homely character of the metaphor, Halliwell-Phillipps compares iv. 3. 148 above: "the bare-pick'd bone of majesty," etc.

14. *Lords.* The Cambridge editors conjecture "lord," which is favoured by the *he* in the next line. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 4. 80: "The French might have a good prey of us if *he* knew of it;" and 30 below: "I say *again*, if Lewis do win the day," where *Lewis* must be *the French* of the present passage.

This loud day. "By the one little monosyllable *loud* here, how finely does the poet set before our imagination the uproar of battle — the drums, and tramplings, and trumpetings, and shoutings, and groanings of an engagement!" (Clarke).

17. *Moe.* More; used by S. often, but only with a plural or collective noun.

18. *Saint Edmundsbury.* The ancient town of Bury St. Edmund's in Suffolk, about sixty miles northeast of London. Portions of the abbey, in which this famous meeting of the nobles took place, still remain. The illustration of the altar (frontispiece, from Knight's *Pictorial Shakspere*) is copied from Lydgate's *Life of St. Edmund* (Harl. Ms. 2278); the manner of taking the oath, from an illumination in the *Metrical Hist. of Rich. II.* (Harl. Ms. 1319), representing the Earl of Northumberland at Conway Castle, swearing on the gospels to secure safe conduct to Richard on his journey to London; and the costumes, from the effigies of Salisbury (in Salisbury Cathedral), Pembroke (in the Temple Church, London), and other contemporary monuments.

23. *Quantity.* A *small* portion; as in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 112: "Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;" *2 Hen. IV.* v. 1. 70: "If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves," etc.

24. *A form of wax.* A waxen image, such as witches were supposed to make of a person whom they wished to destroy, and who pined away as the image was melted by them before a fire. Holinshed tells how King Duffe of Scotland "fell into a languishing disease" which none of his physicians could understand. Witchcraft was suspected, and Donwald, lieutenant of the castle of Forres, learning through a daughter of one of the witches "in what house

in the towne it was where they wrought there mischiefous mysterie, he sent foorth souldiers, about the middest of the night, who breaking into the house, found one of the witches rosting vpon a woodden broch an image of wax at the fier, resembling in each feature the kings person, made and deuised (as is to be thought) by craft and art of the diuell: an other of them sat reciting certeine words of inchantment, and still basted the image with a certeine liquor verie busilie. The souldiers finding them occupied in this wise, tooke them togither with the image, and led them into the castell, where being streictlie examined for what purpose they went about such manner of inchantment, they answered, to the end to make away the king: for as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king breake foorth in sweat. And as for the words of inchantment, they serued to keepe him still waking from sleepe, so that as the wax euer melted, so did the kings flesh: by the which meanes it should haue come to passe, that when the wax was once cleane consumed, the death of the king should immediatlie follow. So were they taught by euill spirits, and hired to worke the feat by the nobles of Murrey land. The standers by, that heard such an abhominable tale told by these witches, streigtwaiss brake the image, and caused the witches (according as they had well deserued) to bee burnt to death." This kind of witchcraft is very ancient. We find it in the *Idyls* of Theocritus and the *Eclogues* of Virgil; also in Horace (*Epodes*, xvii. 76 and *Satires*, i. 8. 50). See also the story of "The Leech of Folkestone" in *The Ingoldsby Legends*.

25. *Resolveth.* Dissolveth; as in *Ham.* i. 2. 130: "Thaw and resolve itself into a dew," etc.

27. *Use.* Utility, advantage.

29. *Hence.* In another world; antithetical to *here* = this world, as in iv. 2. 89 above. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 232: "Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife," etc.

37. *Rated.* Appraised. "It were easy to change *rated* to *hated*, for an easier meaning, but *rated* suits better with *fine*. The Dau-

phin has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine*, which your lives must pay" (Johnson).

38. *Fine.* A play on the sense of "end."

41. *Respect.* Consideration. Cf. iii. 1. 318 above.

42. *For that.* Because that. The line is taken from the old play.

44. *In lieu whereof.* In return for which; the only meaning of the phrase in S.

45. *Rumour.* Confused sounds; as in *J. C.* ii. 4. 18: "I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray."

49. *Beshrew.* A mild form of imprecation. Cf. v. 5. 14 below.

50. *Favour.* Aspect, look. Cf. *Sonn.* 125. 5: "dwellers on form and favour," etc.

52. *Untread.* Retrace. Cf. *V. and A.* 908: "She treads the path that she untreads again." See also *M. of V.* ii. 6. 10.

53. *Bated and retired.* Abating and receding. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 72: "And bid the main flood bate his usual height." On *retired*, cf. *brooded*, iii. 3. 52 above.

54. *Rankness.* Exuberance, excess, overflowing.

55. *O'erlook'd.* Schmidt make this = slighted, despised; but it may be = risen so high as to look over. Cf. *overpeering* in *Ham.* iv. 5. 99: "The ocean overpeering of his list." See also iii. 1. 23 above: "Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds."

60. *Right.* "In a manner deserving the name" (Schmidt); as in iii. 1. 183 above.

61. *Happy newness*, etc. "Happy innovation that purposes the restoration of the ancient rightful government" (Johnson).

SCENE V. — 3. *English measure.* The folio reading, changed to "th' English measur'd" by Pope and some modern editors. As Fleay remarks, "the meaning is general, *at English measuring*, not specific."

4. *Retire.* See on ii. 1. 326 above.

7. *Tottering.* "Waving" (Fleay). Cf. *The Spanish Tragedy*:—

"A man hanging and tottering and tottering,
As you know the wind will wave a man."

Schmidt and others make it = hanging in rags, tattered. Cf. *tottered* = tattered, in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 37 (1st folio) : "a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls." The 1st and 2d quartos have "tottered" in *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 52 : "this castle's totter'd battlements" ("tatter'd" in folios). If *tottering* = *tottered* here, it is an instance of the active participle used for the passive.

Clearly is either = quite, completely (cf. iii. 4. 122 above), as Fleay explains it ; or = stainlessly, as Schmidt gives it. The Cambridge editors conjecture "cleanly."

13. *Are.* See on v. 3. 11 above.

14. *Shrewd.* Bad, evil ; its original meaning. Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 179. "That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us."

18. *The stumbling night.* That is, in which one is liable to stumble. Cf. v. 6. 12 below : "eyeless night" (that is, in which one cannot see).

20. *Keep good quarter.* Keep your posts in good order. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 63 : "Had all your quarters been as safely kept."

22. *Adventure.* Hazard, chance. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 218 : "At all adventures" (= at all hazards), etc.

Scene VI. — 6. *Perfect.* Right, correct ; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 88 : "a perfect guess," etc.

12. *Eyeless.* See on v. 5. 18 above. Fleay thinks it is = starless, "the stars being the night's eyes, as the sun is the day's." The 1st folio has "endles," the later folios "endlesse" or "endless ; " corrected by Theobald. Schmidt explains "endless" as "infinite, excessive, that is, extremely dark."

15. *Scape.* Not "'scape," as usually printed, being often found in prose.

16. *Sans.* Without. The word was fully Anglicized in the time of S., being used in French and Italian dictionaries to define *sans* and *senza.*

17. *Brow of night.* "As we say, in the face of day" (Fleay).

22. *Swoon.* Spelt "swound" in the first three folios. Cf. *R. of L.* 1486, where it rhymes with *wounds*. Elsewhere in the early eds. we find "swoond," "swoon," "swoun," "swown," and "sound."

24. *Broke out.* Forced my way.

26. *The better arm you*, etc. The better prepare yourself for the sudden change that will take place in affairs after the king's death.

27. *At leisure.* That is, less promptly, or at other people's leisure.

28. *Taste.* It was the custom for kings to have their food tasted before it was served, as a precaution against poison. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 5. 99 : "Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do." Halliwell-Phillipps quotes Deloney, *Strange Histories*, 1607 : —

> "For why, the monke the taste before him tooke,
> Nor saw the king how ill it made him looke;
> And therefore he a hearty draught did take,
> Which of his royal life dispatch did make."

29. *Resolved.* Resolute, determined. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 340 : "How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates ?"

Malone remarks : "Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years after the death of King John mentions this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first who relates it, in his *Chronicle*, as a *report*."

32. *Who.* For *whom*, as often.

39. *Power.* Force. See on iii. 3. 70 above.

40. *Taken by the tide.* On the 14th of October, 1216, as the king was attempting to ford the Wash at low water, and had already got across himself, with the greater part of his army, the return of the tide suddenly swept away the carriages and horses that conveyed all his baggage and treasures ; and the spot is still

known as "King's Corner." It was on the same night that the king arrived at the Cistercian monastery at Swineshead, and was taken with the fever of which he died.

44. *Doubt.* Fear. See on iv. 1. 19 above; and for *or ere*, on iv. 3. 20.

SCENE VII. — 1. *Prince Henry.* The prince was only nine years old when his father died.

2. *Corruptibly.* So as to be corrupted; used by S. only here. Halliwell-Phillipps cites Deloney's account of John's death in his *Strange Histories:* "Distempering then the pure unspotted braine."

4. *Idle.* Wandering.

10. *Orchard.* Garden; the usual meaning in S.

John did not die at Swineshead (or *Swinstead*), as here represented. On the day after he arrived there (see on v. 6. 40 above), though very ill, he was conveyed in a litter to the Castle of Sleaford, and thence on the 16th of October to the Castle of Newark, where he expired on the 18th, in the 49th year of his age and the 17th of his reign.

16. *Insensible.* The folio has "inuisible," which is retained by some editors. Knight explains it as "unlooked-at, disregarded." Fleay puts a comma before it, and says that death "is visibly acting while preying on the body, but invisible when he attacks the mind." Neither of these interpretations seems to me satisfactory, and I have little hesitation in adopting Hanmer's emendation, as the majority of editors do.

22. *Who chants*, etc. For the allusion to the poetic idea of the dying song of the swan, see *R. of L.* 1611 :—

> "And now this pale swan in her watery nest
> Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending;"

Phœnix and Turtle, 15 : "the death-divining swan;" *Oth.* v. 2. 247 :—

"I will play the swan,
And die in music;"

and *M. of V.* iii. 2. 44 : —

"Then if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music."

26. *Indigest.* Indigested or shapeless mass, chaos; the only instance of the noun in S. The adjective (= chaotic, formless) occurs in *Sonn.* 114. 5 : "monsters and things indigest." Ovid (*Met.* I.) describes Chaos as "rudis indigestaque moles."

35. *Fare.* Metrically a dissyllable.

37. *To thrust his icy fingers*, etc. Steevens quotes Dekker, *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609 : "the morning waxing cold, thrust his frosty fingers into thy bosome;" and *The Great Frost*, etc., 1608 : "The cold hand of winter is thrust into our bosoms." The corresponding passage in the old play reads thus : —

"Philip, some drink. O, for the frozen Alps
To tumble on, and cool this inward heat,
That rageth as a furnace seven-fold hot."

42. *Cold comfort.* There is a play upon the phrase, which was ironically used, as it still is, in the sense of small comfort. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 33 : "or shall I complain of thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?" For the quibbling on a death-bed, cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 73 fol. *Strait* = niggardly, parsimonious.

43. *Ingrateful.* Used by S. interchangeably with *ungrateful.* So *incertain* and *uncertain*, *infortunate* (ii. 1. 178 above) and *unfortunate*, etc.

50. *Spleen.* Eagerness, impetuosity. See on ii. 1. 68 above.

51. *Set.* That is, close.

52. *Tackle.* For the metaphor, cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 67 : —

" Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle 's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel."

58. *Module.* The spelling of the folio here and in *A. W.* iv. 3. 114 : "this counterfeit module." Elsewhere it is *model*, which some editors substitute here. It is = image ; as in *Rich. II.* i. 2. 28 : —

" In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life; "

Hen. VIII. iv. 2. 132 : "The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter," etc. *Confounded* = ruined ; the most common meaning in S. Cf. iv. 2. 29 above.

59. *Preparing hitherward.* For the ellipsis, cf. *Rich. II.* v. 1. 37 : "prepare thee hence for France ; " and *Cor.* iv. 5. 140 : " Who am prepar'd against your territories."

60. *Heaven.* Very likely " God " was the original word, changed by the editors of the folio on account of the statute of James against the use of the divine name on the stage. Cf. iii. 1. 156 above.

62. *Upon.* On account of, for the sake of. Cf. ii. 1. 597, iv. 2. 214, and v. 1. 18 above.

63. *Were in the Washes*, etc. This accident really happened to John himself. See on v. 6. 40 above.

74. *Now, now, you stars*, etc. Addressed to the revolted nobles who had returned to their allegiance.

86. *Presently to leave.* Immediately to give up. For *presently*, cf. ii. 1. 538 above.

99. *At Worcester.* John died at Newark (see on 10 above), commending his body and soul to God and to St. Wulfstan, the last great English saint who had been canonized. His body, arrayed in royal apparel, was accordingly conveyed to Worcester, where it was interred in the Cathedral, the great church begun by Wulfstan in 1084 and dedicated to his honour in 1218. The tomb on which the king's effigy rests (see cut, p. 8 above) is a work of the 16th century, but the effigy itself is said to be the original cover

of the stone coffin in which the remains of John were discovered under the pavement of the choir in 1797. It is the earliest sculptured representation of an English monarch that remains in the country. In 1207 John visited Worcester, and after praying at the tomb of Wulfstan gave three hundred marks for the repair of the Cathedral. According to Holinshed, the king was buried at Croxton Abbey in Staffordshire; but Matthew Paris states that it was at Worcester.

110. *O, let us pay*, etc. "As previously we have found sufficient cause for lamentation, let us not waste the present time in superfluous sorrow" (Steevens). Clarke paraphrases the passage thus: "Let us pay but the due amount of lamentation to that woe which is past; since time now promises to put a period to our griefs by better unity among ourselves."

116. *Come the three corners*, etc. That is, let the rest of the world come against us, and we shall withstand them. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 491: "all corners else o' the earth;" and *Cymb.* iii. 4. 39: "All corners of the world."

118. *If England to itself do rest but true.* Cf. the ending of the old play: —

> "Let England live but true within itself,
> And all the world can never wrong her state.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> If England's peers and people join in one,
> Nor pope, nor Fraunce, nor Spain, can do them wrong."

See also 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 40: —

> "Why, knows not Montague that of itself
> England is safe, if true within itself?"

Steevens cites Churchyard, *Discourse of Rebellion*, 1570: —

> "O Britayne bloud, marke this at my desire:
> If that you sticke together as you ought
> This lyttle yle may set the world at nought."

Reed traces the sentiment back to Andrew Borde (who died in 1549), *Introd. of Knowledge:* "for if they [the English] were true wythin themselves they nede not to feare although al nacions were set against them."

APPENDIX

Mrs. Siddons on Constance

Mrs. Siddons left behind her in manuscript her own analysis of the character of Constance, and I extract from Campbell's *Life of Siddons* (published in 1834, and out of print) this commentary of a great actress on Shakespeare: —

"My idea of Constance is that of a lofty and proud spirit, associated with the most exquisite feelings of maternal tenderness, which is, in truth, the predominant feature of this interesting personage. The sentiments which she expresses, in the dialogue between herself, the King of France, and the Duke of Austria, at the commencement of the second act of this tragedy, very strongly evince the amiable traits of a humane disposition and of a grateful heart.

* * * * * *

"The ideas one naturally adopts of her qualities and appearance are, that she is noble in mind, and commanding in person and demeanour; that her countenance was capable of all the varieties of grand and tender expression, often agonized, though never distorted by the vehemence of her agitations. Her voice, too, must have been 'propertied like the tuned spheres,' obedient to all the softest inflections of maternal love, to all the pathos of the most exquisite sensibility, to the sudden burst of heart-rending sorrow, and to the terrifying imprecations of indignant majesty, when writhing under the miseries inflicted on her by her dastardly oppressors and treacherous allies. The actress whose lot it is to personate this great character should be richly endowed by nature for its various requirements; yet, even when thus fortunately gifted, much, very

much, remains to be effected by herself; for in the performance of the part of Constance great difficulties, both mental and physical, present themselves. And perhaps the greatest of the former class is that of imperiously holding the mind reined in to the immediate perception of those calamitous circumstances which take place during the course of her sadly eventful history. The necessity for this severe abstraction will sufficiently appear, when we remember that all those calamitous events occur while she herself is absent from the stage; so that this power is indispensable for that reason alone, were there no other to be assigned for it. Because, if the representative of Constance shall ever forget, even behind the scenes, those disastrous events which impel her to break forth into the overwhelming effusions of wounded friendship, disappointed ambition, and maternal tenderness, upon the first moment of her appearance in the third act, when, stunned with terrible surprise, she exclaims —

> 'Gone to be married — gone to swear a peace!
> False blood to false blood join'd — gone to be friends!'—

if, I say, the mind of the actress for one moment wanders from these distressing events, she must inevitably fall short of that high and glorious colouring which is indispensable to the painting of this magnificent portrait.

"The quality of abstraction has always appeared to me so necessary in the art of acting that I shall probably, in the course of these remarks, be thought too frequently and pertinaciously to advert to it. I am now, however, going to give a proof of its usefulness in the character under our consideration; and I wish my opinion were of sufficient weight to impress the importance of this power on the minds of all candidates for dramatic fame. Here, then, is one example among many others which I could adduce. Whenever I was called upon to personate the character of Constance, I never, from the beginning of the play to the end of my part in it, once suffered my dressing-room door to be closed, in order that

my attention might be constantly fixed on those distressing events which, by this means, I could plainly hear going on upon the stage, the terrible effects of which progress were to be represented by me. Moreover, I never omitted to place myself, with Arthur in my hand, to hear the march, when, upon the reconciliation of England and France, they enter the gates of Angiers to ratify the contract of marriage between the Dauphin and the Lady Blanch; because the sickening sounds of that march would usually cause the bitter tears of rage, disappointment, betrayed confidence, baffled ambition, and, above all, the agonizing feelings of maternal affection, to gush into my eyes. In short, the spirit of the whole drama took possession of my mind and frame, by my attention being incessantly riveted to the passing scenes. Thus did I avail myself of every possible assistance, for there was need of all in this most arduous effort; and I have no doubt that the observance of such circumstances, however irrelevant they may appear upon a cursory view, was powerfully aidant in the representations of those expressions of passion in the remainder of this scene, which have been only in part considered, and to the conclusion of which I now proceed.

"Goaded and stung by the treachery of her faithless friends, and almost maddened by the injuries they have heaped upon her, she becomes desperate and ferocious as a hunted tigress in defence of her young, and it seems that existence itself must nearly issue forth with the utterance of that frantic and appalling exclamation —

> 'A wicked day, and not a holy day,
> What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,' etc.

"When King Philip says to her —

> 'By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
> To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
> Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?' —

what countenance, what voice, what gesture, shall realize the scorn and indignation of her reply to the heartless King of France?

And then the awful, trembling solemnity, the utter helplessness of that soul-subduing, scriptural, and prophetic invocation —

> 'Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
> A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!
> Let not the hours of this ungodly day
> Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
> Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings.'

"If it ever were, or ever shall be, portrayed with its appropriate and solemn energy, it must be then, and then only, when the power I have so much insisted on, co-operating also with a high degree of enthusiasm, shall have transfused the mind of the actress into the person and situation of the august and afflicted Constance. The difficulty, too, of representing, with tempered rage and dignified contempt, the biting sarcasm of the speeches to Austria (iii. 1) may be more easily imagined than explained.

"But, in truth, to beget, in these whirlwinds of the soul, such temperance as, according to the lesson of our inspired master, shall give them smoothness, is a difficulty which those only can appreciate who have made the effort.

"I cannot, indeed, conceive, in the whole range of dramatic character, greater difficulty than that of representing this grand creature. Brought before the audience in the plenitude of her afflictions; oppression and falsehood having effected their destructive mark; the full storm of adversity, in short, having fallen upon her in the interval of their absence from her sight, the effort of pouring properly forth so much passion as past events have excited in her, without any visible previous progress towards her climax of desperation, seems almost to exceed the power of imitation. Hers is an affliction of so 'sudden, floodgate, and o'erbearing nature' that art despairs of realizing it, and the effort is almost life-exhausting. Therefore, whether the majestic, the passionate, the tender Constance has ever yet been, or ever will be, personated to the entire satisfaction of sound judgment and fine taste, I believe to be doubtful; for I believe it to be nearly impossible.

"I now come to the concluding scene; and I believe I shall not be thought singular when I assert that, though she has been designated the ambitious Constance, she has been ambitious only for her son. It was for him, and him alone, that she aspired to, and struggled for, hereditary sovereignty. For example, you find that, from that fatal moment when he is separated from her, not one regret for lost regal power or splendour ever escapes from her lips; no, not one idea does she from that instant utter which does not unanswerably prove that all other considerations are annihilated in the grievous recollections of motherly love. That scene (iii. 4), I think, must determine that maternal tenderness is the predominant feature of her character.

"Her gorgeous affliction, if such an expression is allowable, is of so sublime and so intense a character that the personation of its grandeur, with the utterance of its rapid and astonishing eloquence, almost overwhelms the mind that meditates its realization and utterly exhausts the frame which endeavours to express its agitations."

The Time-Analysis of the Play

This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–1879, p. 263) as follows: —

"Time of this play seven days; with intervals, comprising in all not more than three or four months.

Day 1. *Act I. sc. i.*

Interval: return of French Ambassador, and arrival of John in France.

Day 2. *Act II. sc. i., Act III. sc. i. to iii.*

Interval: some little time must be supposed to have elapsed since the battle; for the French know that John has fortified the places he has won, and has returned to England; from whence also they have intelligence that the Bastard is ransacking the Church.

Day 3. *Act III. sc. iv.*

Interval: during this interval, the deaths of Constance and Elinor (28th March and 1st April) must take place.

Day 4. *Act IV. sc. i. to iii.*

Interval: the arrival of Ascension Day, the presence of Pandulph, the news of the Dauphin's successes, imperatively demand an interval between this scene and the preceding Act; on the other hand, we find that the Bastard has only now returned from his mission to the nobles, and that the King now hears for the first time of Arthur's actual death: these facts are incompatible with any interval; they connect this scene with the scenes of *Act IV.*, as part of Day 4. The main plot, however, is impossible without a supposed interval, and we must force the play to allow it.

Day 5. *Act V. sc. i.*

Interval: including at least Pandulph's return journey to the Dauphin, the Bastard's preparation for defence, and his and King John's journey with their army to Edmundsbury.

Day 6. *Act V. sc. ii. to v.*

Day 7. *Act V. sc. vi. and vii.*

Historical time: A.D. 1199–1216; the whole of King John's reign."

As I remarked in commenting on a similar instance in Mr. Daniel's time-analysis of *Much Ado*, I think his perplexity in regard to the interval after Day 4 is due — partially at least — to Shakespeare's peculiar treatment of "dramatic time" (his "two clocks," as it has been aptly called), to which I have referred more at length in the introduction to the revised *As You Like It.*

List of Characters in the Play

The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

King John: i. 1 (48); ii. 1 (104); iii. 1 (34), 2 (3), 3 (64): iv. 2 (119); v. 1 (27), 3 (8), 7 (28). Whole no. 435.

Prince Henry : v. 7 (29). Whole no. 29.

Arthur : ii. 1 (9); iii. 1 (1), 3 (1) ; iv. 1 (99), 3 (10). Whole no. 120.

Pembroke : iv. 2 (56), 3 (13) ; v. 4 (4), 7 (6). Whole no. 79.

Essex : i. 1 (3). Whole no. 3.

Salisbury : iii. 1 (6) ; iv. 2 (28), 3 (53) ; v. 2 (32), 4 (19), 7 (20). Whole no. 158.

Bigot : iv. 3 (9). Whole no. 9.

Hubert : iii. 3 (8) ; iv. 1 (43), 2 (35), 3 (25) ; v. 3 (1), 6 (28). Whole no. 140.

Robert Faulconbridge : i. 1 (22). Whole no. 22.

Bastard : i. 1 (143) ; ii. 1 (123) ; iii. 1 (9), 2 (8), 3 (5) ; iv. 2 (22), 3 (57) ; v. 1 (43), 2 (53), 6 (20), 7 (39). Whole no. 522.

Gurney : i. 1 (1). Whole no. 1.

Peter : iv. 2 (1). Whole no. 1.

King Philip : ii. 1 (119) ; iii. 1 (48), 4 (26). Whole no. 193.

Lewis : ii. 1 (28) ; iii. 1 (8), 4 (18) ; v. 2 (83), 5 (17). Whole no. 154.

Austria : ii. 1 (27) ; iii. 1 (8). Whole no. 35.

Pandulph : iii. 1 (72), 4 (67) ; v. 1 (11), 2 (15). Whole no. 165.

Melun : v. 4 (39). Whole no. 39.

Chatillon : i. 1 (16) ; ii. 1(25). Whole no. 41.

1*st Citizen :* ii. 1 (64). Whole no. 64.

1*st Executioner :* iv. 1 (2). Whole no. 2.

French Herald : ii. 1 (12). Whole no. 12.

English Herald : ii. 1 (13). Whole no. 13.

Messenger : iv. 2 (14) ; v. 3 (8), 5 (6). Whole no. 28.

Elinor : i. 1(29) ; i. 1 (21) ; iii. 1 (2), 3 (3). Whole no. 55.

Constance : ii. 1 (48) ; iii. 1 (141), 4 (74). Whole no. 263.

Blanch : ii. 1 (15) ; iii. 1 (27). Whole no. 42.

Lady Faulconbridge : i. 1 (15). Whole no. 15.

In the above enumeration parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows : i. 1 (276) ; ii. 1 (598) ; iii. 1 (347), 2 (10), 3 (73), 4 (183) ; iv. 1 (134), 2 (269), 3 (159) ; v. 1 (79), 2 (180), 3 (17), 4 (61), 5 (22), 6 (44), 7 (118). Whole no. in the play, 2570.

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